TWOPENCE!
Vol. LV.
1442.

WIN £3,000 PLUS £1,000 LIFE POLICY! LAST COUPONS ON PAGE 39.

JOHN BULL

For over 150 years Guinness have specialised in one thing.... the brewing of a perfect stout.

You've had something worth drinking when you've had a Guinness.

G.E.409-G.

AMAZING RADIO BARGAIN

POWERFUL 3-VALVE RADIO

2/- WEEKLY CASH PRICE **79/6**

Sent all ready to switch on for 2/- down. Balance 2/- weekly. British made Complete with Loud Speaker, Valves, Accumulator and Batteries in Fine Walnut Cabinet. Post your Order NOW for prompt delivery. Other superb models from 3/6 weekly.

SEND P.C. for BIG FREE BOOK.

ECLIPSE RADIOPHONES (Dept. 3AB.) 97, GRAY'S INN ROAD, LONDON, W.C.1.

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 35

WRITE FOR SAMPLES of the FAMOUS "TWILIGHT"

READICUT RUG WOOLS

CUT INTO LENGTHS READY FOR USE

Buy the BEST Rug Wools DIRECT FROM THE MILLS and make a BETTER Rug at nearly HALF the cost. Write for FREE SAMPLES AND

FREE RUG BOOK containing 50 new Rug designs in full colours. Send p.c. (1d. stamp).

FROM 1/- PER LB

BLANCHE WOOL Co. Ltd. Dept. J.B., Ossett, Yorks.

Test for 1 Month

and you will be absolutely convinced that the VIBRAPHONE is the best-by-test of all appliances for the relief of

DEAFNESS

So revolutionary is the principle of the Vibraphone that it has gone from success to success in every country of the world. Quite safe, non-electrical, practically invisible (see picture—which has had its "contrasts" increased for the sake of clarity of illustration). No batteries, or wires, or any other attachments. Used by professional men. Write or call for BOOKLET and details of TRIAL OFFER.

'Phone: Regent 5430. VIBRAPHONE CO., 14, Triumph House, 189, Regent St., London, W.1

FINAL WEEK OF HOUSHOLD SALE

SATISFACTION

2 White Woolly Blankets	66×76
2 Good Strong Sheets	90×76
2 White Pillow Slips	30×18
1 White Bolster Case	60×20
1 Art Printed Bedspread	
2 Coloured Turkish Towels	
1 Art. Silk and Crochet Cushion Cover	
2 Chamois Polishers	

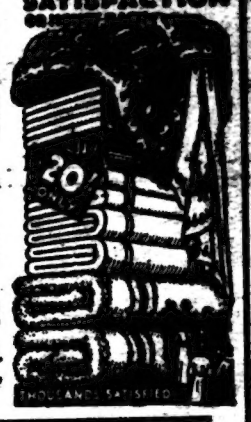
CARR. FREE. **20/-** CASH or C.O.D.

or single bed size 17/6.

A LOVELY WARMER LOOM **QUILT FREE** also, if cash with order.

Bordered Under Blanket.

PATON MILL Co., Dept. A, 70-78, Queen Street, MANCHESTER, 4.



RUGS GIVEN AWAY!

This Phenomenal Offer is made to "John Bull" readers. On receipt of P.O. 9/6, carriage 1/- extra, we will forward Direct from our looms one of our "Prudential" Brussolette REAL SEAMLESS WOVEN CARPETS. Suitable for Drawing, Dining and Bedroom, etc., handsomely bordered in 20 Turkey patterns and fashionable shades of Crimson, Greens, Blues, Browns, Rose and Art Colourings, to suit all requirements, and large enough to cover any ordinary sized room. They are made of material equal to wool, and being a speciality of our own can only be obtained direct from our Looms, saving purchaser all middle profits. Guaranteed genuine bargains. Money refunded if not approved. Thousands of Repeat Orders and unsolicited testimonials. With every carpet we absolutely give away a handsome rug to match. *Illustrated Bargain Catalogue of Carpets, Bedding, etc., post free.*

9/6

F. HODGSON & SONS (J.B.) Woodsley Rd., Leeds.

SLEEP ON FEATHERS.

PRICES REDUCED

Enormous demand lowers manufacturing costs.

QUALITY MAINTAINED

PILLOWS	(Full size)	**2/6**	Postage 1, 6d. ,, 2, 9d.
BOLSTER	(Full size)	**5/-**	Postage 9d.
BED	4 ft. 6 in. x6ft. 6 in.	**29/11**	Carriage 2/3

Hardwearing strong heavy twill ticking (guaranteed featherproof). Filled with delightfully soft, pure feathers, REALLY WONDERFUL VALUE.

WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE and particulars of BONUS OFFER.

DOWNLAND BEDDING COMPANY First Avenue House, Holborn, London, W.C.1.

CLUB AGENTS

£5 COMMISSION ON A 50-WEEK CLUB.

EARN THE HIGHEST COMMISSION PAID and GET BETTER BARGAINS for YOUR MEMBERS

The "B.B.B." Club—Britain's Best Bargain Club—requires agents everywhere to form their popular 1/- weekly Clubs. The highest commission paid is yours for only a few spare minutes each week. B.B.B. Clubs are run more easily than any other because the Super Quality of the bargains sent to members always more than please and satisfy, thereby avoiding complaints, also once members join a "B.B.B." Club they never leave, so that our agents re-form Clubs without the slightest difficulty. FREE. Send a P.C. to-day for particulars of our AMAZING FREE GIFT OFFER, also for copy of magnificent volume printed in superb colours containing over 1,200 household bargains.

2 Pair Sheets Size 70 x 90, 10/-

54-piece Tea-set 29/-

Reclining Armchair 10/-

Lady's Lightweight Mackintosh 7/6

L. & O. MOSS (Dept. O) CANNEL STREET, MANCHESTER.

A 15/- FREE GIFT COUPON

Hiring is a chance to get a "Hercules" Bicycle of Cycles of all kinds, many fitted with Sturmey-Archer Gears and Dunlop Tyres. Approval willingly. Carriage paid. As an advertisement a

15/- Free Gift Coupon will be given to all Write for my FREE CATALOGUE

Chas. Rob... CYCLE WAREHOUSE, No 24. COVENTRY

FOR RUPTURE

THE RICE METH

More than a truss or appliance is required for permanent relief of rupture. Do not wear a appliance simply because it is light or comfor it does not retain the rupture securely under conditions, it may be doing more harm than goo of feeling comfortable. The Rice Appliance specially for each case and is of correct stre weight. No harsh or unyielding pads, no ru to irritate the skin. Supplied through N Societies if desired.

The stimulating application used in conjun it strengthens the muscles as no appliance alo It has enabled thousands to dispense enti trusses.

Write for full particulars and free trial of s application.

WM. S. RICE, LTD. (C.168), 8/9, STONECUTTER STREET, LONDON

£3 10s. RADIO SET

I offer the finest ALL-BRITISH Wireless Sets, at bargain prices, including Battery and All-Mains Receivers. Any Set sent ON APPROVAL, PACKED FREE & CARRIAGE PAID. Write now for my beautifully illustrated Art Catalogue.

CASH or TERMS

WIRELESS SPECIALISTS, 27 COVENTRY

THE which spoken finest money. This belt has stro... suspender, leather protected, un... steels and simple fastening. ... "Ideal" prevents Rupture "dragging-down" feeling. Thousands of these have been sold, with excellent results, and the price is for any size. 28ins. to 46ins. Ladies' or Gent's. Full list on request.

A Customer writes:—"I wish to inform you t is most satisfactory. It has given me great feel better in every way."

Satisfaction guaranteed or money r...

LONDON SURGICAL COMPANY (De... 28, Great Queen Street, Kingsway, London, Lo...

THIS WILL KEEP YOUR BOYS AT HOME

Let your boys play Riley Billiards and they won't want to go out at nights. 8/- down brings immediate delivery of a Riley "Home" Billiard Table, carriage paid, on 7 days' free trial. Balances monthly. Write to-day for Art List.

Write to-day for free Art List

E. J. RILEY, LTD., Anson Works, Accrington; or Dept. 25, 147, Aldersgate Street, London, E.C.1. Rileys are the largest makers of full-size Billiard Tables in Great Britain.

WEAR this BELT and keep SLIM

AVOID doubtful medicines, pills, etc., for reducing weight. Wear the Beasley Reducing Belt-Supporter, and get slim quickly and safely. Slips over hips, instantly adjusting itself to your figure. No straps, lacing or fasteners. Excellent as a general purpose belt for

MEN OR WOMEN

this garment is made from strong woven Elastic webbing. Women's model has four suspenders.

9 ins. deep. **4/11** 11 ins. deep. **5/11**

Add 2/- for sizes 38 ins. to 44 ins. waist. Super Quality 8/11. Fine Silk Elastic, 14 ins. deep, 12/11. O.S. 3/- extra. Postage on all models 3d. extra.

Belt exchanged or money refunded if not approved. Send P.O. to:—

BEASLEY BELT Dept. 208A 26, CHARING CROSS RD., LONDON, W.C.2

Write for free list of Belts for Men and Women. Surgical Belts supplied through Approved Societies.

I'M WELL KNOWN

for the best COVENTRY BUILT cycles, from £3-10-0 Cash or Terms. Approval. Carriage Paid.

Send a Post Card for Free Catalogue, and see what you save.

O'Brien Ltd. of COVENTRY

NO MORE DISTURBED NIGH

Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Inc... Constipation, Gall Stones, with associa... Sciatica, Gravel, Scalding and constant ... nights are quickly relieved by the ... surgery of the Sheffield "Bladder C... Immediately all day and all night, ... secretly, and without the loss of one da... or one hour of employment, they ge... They cleanse, cool and heal. They ar... harmful. You are restored. Don... Sheffield will give you prompt relief. G...

Sheffield Prescription No. 288.

Price: 2/6 (50), 4/6 (100), 13/- (...

Privately packed and post free at these ...

Sheffield Prescription Service, ... Dept. J.B. 1934, 48, King William St., London

IF YOU ARE EXPECTING A BABY

I CAN SAVE YOU TIME, TROUBLE AND MONEY, A COMPLETE HOME-MADE LAYETTE.

Modern Short Lengths or usual Long clothes

30/-

76 delightful garments (for Winter or Summer Baby), Silk and Wool Shawl, Jac... Robes, Lawn or Whitney Day Gowns, L'cloth, Flan. or Whitney Nighties, Wool Wrapper Vests, Bock Flannels, Hand-Knit Woollies, Mat. Cards, Trunk Sets, Binders, Turk Napkins, etc., etc.

EXTRACT FROM THIS WEEK'S LETTERS:—"No wonder you receive so many nice testimonials. It is a bargain no expectant mother should miss, everything is gorgeous."

Special Method! SEND **2/-** FOR PARCEL ON APPROVAL. Bal. Cash or Terms. Mrs. J. B. Howard, 69, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

STRONGE CHILDR

Welsh diets make healthy and stron... start to-morrow giving them Allinso... Scotch Oats for breakfast. Especiall... children need that extra reserves of e... in these gale-swept, rain-lashed North. ... price and value of Allinson. With any o... you will buy Allinson regularly. Save ... for generous free gifts. Write for illus... Gifts to Allinson Ltd., (Dept. J.B.) 21... Road, E.2. Sold by Bakers and Grocer...

Allinson 1 MINUTE SCOTCH OATS

RADIO OF RENOWN

Choose a 1934 Wireless. Improved far in advance of all others.

FROM £3:10:0 CASH OR TERMS

Free trial willingly. Packed Free and Carriage Paid. Send a P.C. for the most "talked of" catalogue ever published—it's Free.

Chas. T. Robey & Co. WIRELESS WAREHOUSE, DEPT. D, COVENTRY.

5/- SECURES DELIVERY of a GREENHOUSE or HUT.

Free Delivery by Lorry or Rail.

STRAND SPAN ROOF GREENHOUSES

In six complete sections and staging, complete with best horticultural glass and paint for one coat.

L. ft.	W. ft. to rgs.	Ht. to eves.	Ht.	Cash Pr. Carr. Pd.	or Dep. with ords.	& 12 mthly. pmts. of
7	5	7ft.	4ft.	£6 15 0	5/0	4/6 LARGE
9	6	7 ft.	4ft.	£8 15 0	6/0	6/6 SIZE
10	7	7½ft.	4½ft.	£4 17 6	6/0	9/6 FREE.
12	8	8ft.	5ft.	£6 10 0	8/0	11/6
15	9	8ft.	5ft.	£7 15 0	8/0	14/0

MARVEL HUT No. 104A. In 6 complete sections and roofing felt.

5/- with order and 12 monthly payments.

Lth.	W.	Ht. rgs.	Ht. eves.	Cash Pr. Carr. Pd.	Floor	Extra
6ft.	4ft.	7ft.	5ft.	£1 15 0	2/0	5/6
7ft.	5ft.	7ft.	5ft.	£2 10 0	4/6	10/6
9ft.	6ft.	7ft.	5ft.	£3 5 0	5/6	15/
10ft.	7ft.	7ft.	5ft.	£3 14 0	6/6	25/6
12ft.	8ft.	7ft.	5ft.	£5 0 0	9/0	30/0

BATH'S 2-7, Southampton Street, Strand, London, W.C.2.

TILETEX and PAROLEUM
The ideal coverings for damp floors!

Make any old damp stone, concrete or wood floor cosy, dry and comfortable by laying PAROLEUM or TILETEX, the ideal floor covering. Guaranteed waterproof and rot-proof. Simply lay it down—it lies perfectly flat, without fastening in any way. Many patterns to choose from.

90 Sq. Ft. for 15/-

Longer lengths pro rata. All rolls 2 yards wide. *Send for samples and full particulars post free*

J. B. ANDREWS & SONS
Sutherland Square,
Walworth Road, London, S.E.17

90 sq. ft. for 15/-

EVERY OFFER COVERED BY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE ON PAGE 35.

SPECIAL OFFER
CHIMNEY SWEEPING
and Drain Cleaning Machines.

30ft. Finest Quality Canvas, fitted best brass screws and sockets 18in. bass chimney brush. Carriage 1/6. Archimedean Drain Cleaner included. *Cash refunded if not satisfied.*

12/6

Other Sizes:
40ft. 18/-, 50ft. 22/6, 60ft. 26/-, 80ft. 35/-, 100ft. 43/-

The above are Best Quality STORES Quality 30ft. 9/-. Carr. 1/3. Leaflet of Sweeps and Drain Tools POST FREE

S. TYZACK & SON, Ltd. (J.B. 24), 341, 343 & 345, Old Street, London, E.C.1.

WOOL SALE

BLACK RUG 7½D. LB.

Coloured Turkish 1/3½ lb., Rich Silky 1/3½, Cable 1/4½, 1/6½ lb., Thrums 6½d., Rug Chenille 5½d. lb., Sports 1d., Crochet 1½d., Silky 1½d. oz., Fine Indian Rug Wool 1/11½, Persian 2/3 lb., Rabbit Wool 1d. Ball.

1d. POST CARD brings 800 Bargain Samples 100 Coloured Rug Designs from 2½d. Illustrated Rug Guide Free.

SCOTIA WOOLS, 152, New Bridge Street, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

Thorns great OPPORTUNITY SALE

A NOVICE CAN ERECT DON'T HESITATE to secure one of these Useful Garden Sheds. They are Ideal for Storage, Cycles, Workshops, Potting Sheds, etc. So easy to erect, too! You can screw the sections together in half an hour. Rain-proof and Draught-proof, planed Moulded Weatherboards, roofing felt, glass—all complete—delivered Free or sent carriage paid in England and Wales.

SPAN ROOF TYPE.

Long.	Wide.	High.	Sale Price.	Deposit.	Monthly
4ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£1.14.0 or 2/6	2/-	
6ft.	4ft.	6ft.	£2.1.0 or 3/6	3/6	
8ft.	5ft.	6½ft.	£3.18.0 or 4/6	5/6	
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4.4.0 or 6/6	7/7	

J. THORN & SONS, LTD. (Dept. 46), Brampton Rd, Bexley Heath, Kent.

ORCHESTRAL PIANO ACCORDIONS
ON THE EASIEST OF EASY TERMS

10-BR. MODEL FOR £4. 12. 6

Magnificent White Enamel Body. 16-Fold Metal Bound Bellows. Finest Steel Reeds. Complete with Shoulder Strap. 21 Piano Keys, 8 Bascos. Send only 5/- Deposit. Balance payable 7/6 Monthly, until £2/6 is paid. Write for Fully Illustrated Catalogue of models with 25 Keys, 12 Bass; 25 Keys, 24 Bass; 34 Keys, 48 Bass; 41 Keys, 120 Bass. Etc., etc. All on equally attractive terms.

J A DAVIS & CO. Dept. J.B. 78
94 104 DENMARK HILL LONDON S E 5

DO YOU WANT TO MAKE MONEY?

PUNCHBOARDS! The best money-making proposition ever offered the public.

If you want funds for Charity Clubs or any other purpose let the Punchboard help you. A 1,000-hole board costs 7/- post free and yields £2.9.10 profit at 1d. per punch, and £6.17.6 at 2d. per punch. Agents working our special PROFIT SHARING plan are making £5 to £10 weekly on this board alone. WHY NOT YOU? Write us for further information.

SAMPLE 100-HOLE BOARD and price list POST FREE **2/3**

BURDON HUNTER,
Punchboard Specialist,
Dept. 46.J, Camomile St. Chambers, London, E.C.3. TRADE SUPPLIED

Bargains Direct from Works!
FREE on 14 DAYS' TRIAL
THE NEW "SWIFTSURE" (BALL-BEARING) TABLE & WRINGER

BALL-BEARINGS for greater Ease and Smoother running, particularly in Wringing or Mangling Blankets and Quilts, etc.

FOLDING HANDLE which is of ingenious design and construction, does not project when the Wringer is Folded under.

TWO SHELVES are adjustable. The one under Wringer will hold a Bath or Basket, or may be folded back to make room for a Deep Tub. The Table-top is also pivoted to form a very useful shelf for use when Mangling.

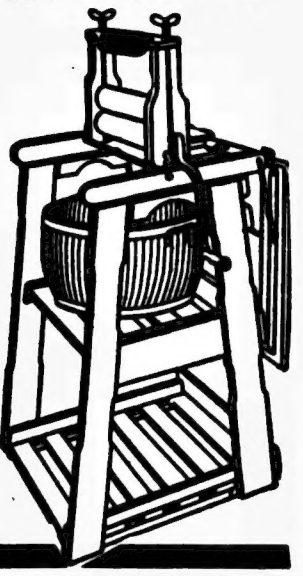
RUBBER ROLLERS do not Break Buttons or Injure Delicate Fabrics. They are of large size, 16 in. by 1 in., and together with all other parts are guaranteed for 5 years.

DOUBLE PRESSURE is provided by means of Two Strong Springs (one at each end of Rollers) which may be easily adjusted by means of Two Thumb-screws.

COG GUARDS or Covers are provided, to protect the Hands and Clothes from Injury.

DELIVERED FREE after receipt of 6/-, the balance in 9 monthly payments of 6/-, or 36 weekly of 1/6. CASH PRICE: 55/- **6/-**
MONEY RETURNED IF NOT SATISFIED

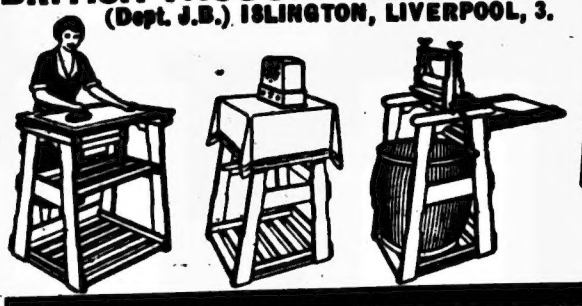
Size of Table-Top 29 in. x 18 in.



DON'T DELAY—WRITE TO-DAY and take advantage of this great BARGAIN OFFER. MONEY RETURNED IN FULL if not satisfied.

Made in England. GUARANTEED FOR 5 YEARS

BRITISH VACUUM WASHER Co.
(Dept. J.B.) ISLINGTON, LIVERPOOL, 3.



REAL LEATHER GAUNTLETS

Strongly made from Soft and Supple Skins. Large gauntlet cuff. Lined Warm Fleece Throughout. Length 14 ins. Fawn shade. All Sizes, Ladies' or Gent's. Usually 7/6 Sale Price **2/11** Post 4d.

Real Sheepskin Mitt Gloves, Lined Real Thick Sheep's Wool. All sizes ladies' or gent's. Usually 5/6. Sale Price **3/6** (Post 4d. On 2 pairs 6d.)

Send P.O. now or sent C.O.D. Money back if not delighted. Bargain catalogue free.

WINNERS LTD., (Est. 1897), Dept. J.16, 18/19, Goldhawk Rd., London, W.12

The HOLLYWOOD UKE-BANJO
WITH FREE SELF TUTOR

6/6 POST 9D

In one hour you can play those haunting melodies of the Southern Seas. No previous musical knowledge necessary. A superb instrument, 7 inch solid oak, nickel bezel and brad frets, with real Jazz Band tone. A few hours' practice and you can be the life and soul of the party. Free plectrum included in the outfit. Send now while this cheap bargain price prevails. Number limited.

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THE MACHINE THAT MAKES MONEY

Start a profitable business Printing for local Tradesmen, Cigarette Proprietors, etc. There is a Huge Weekly Demand for Printed Material in your District which you could easily produce. My wonderful all-steel "Adana" Machine prints anything from a Chemist's label to an Illustrated Magazine. Special Easy Payment Terms. Send for Free Details and Samples of actual work produced

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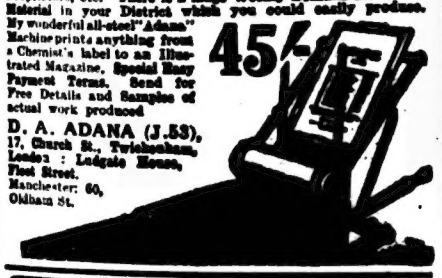


D. A. ADANA (J.53), 17, Church St., Twickenham, London: Ludgate House, Fleet Street. Manchester: 60, Oldham St.

STORE SHED

Design Z.H.

from **3/9** MONTHLY

SUTCLIFFE'S

SMALL STORE SHEDS from 24/-

Long.	Wide.	High.	Cash or 12 payments.	
6ft.	4ft.	6½ft.	£2 1 0	3/9
7ft.	6ft.	6½ft.	£3 12 0	5/4
10ft.	7ft.	6½ft.	£4 4 0	7/0

Send for Free Catalogue, Sheds, Summer Houses, Poultry Houses, Kennels, Greenhouses, Garages, Aviaries, &c.

DELIVERED on first payment. For storing Tools, Garden Implements, Cycles. Built in 6 strong, perfect fitting sections; easily the best value! Carriage paid. Roofing Felt supplied. Floors extra.

F. & H. Sutcliffe, Ltd., 82, Wood Top, Holden Bridge, Yorks.
London Showrooms—40-42, Oxford Street, W.1.

SOLID SILVER PLATED ENGLISH LEVER PATTERN

7/6 POST 6d.

Massive timepiece made with the care of hand-made watch-making of a century ago, assuring everlasting reliability. Finely adjusted lever movement gives accuracy to a minute a month. Unscratchable R.T. case, incorporating extra inside dustproof dome. Shock-proof. Non-Magnetic. Cannot be overwound. Clear white enamelled dial. 15 years' guarantee. Free Repair Service. 7/6, post 6d. Keyless Model same price. FREE Solid Silver effect Curb Chain, medallion for initial and key.

AIRCRAFT PRODUCTS (Dept. J.B.7.), 87, New Oxford St., London, W.C.1.

FREE

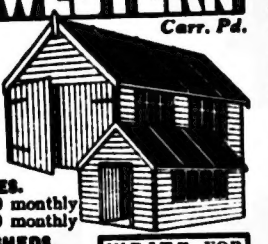
NOTHING TO BUY

SENT BY RETURN

To introduce our latest list of household bargains, etc., we are giving this superior self-filling Fountain Pen ABSOLUTELY FREE. Simply send name and address with 4d. stamps for post and packing to

Wm. PENN (Gift Dept. J.B.2)
623, Holloway Rd., London, N.19

SOUTH WESTERN
Carr. Pd.



GARAGES & SHEDS made with electric tools from seasoned timber. Each section dead accurate, hence easy to erect. Complete with roofing felt, bolts, etc., etc.

SUPER GARAGES.
10' x 7' 108/- or 9/9 monthly
14' x 8' 150/- or 13/9 monthly

SUPER GARDEN SHEDS.
6' x 4' 41/- or 3/9 monthly.
8' x 5' 68/- or 5/4 monthly.
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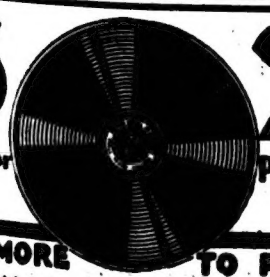
WRITE FOR ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE.

SOUTH WESTERN APPLIANCE CO. (1929), Ltd. Dept. J Hugon Road, Fulham, S.W.6. Fulham 1121 (6 lines).

6 for 2/- Post free



NO MORE TO PAY

Wonderful value in GRAMOPHONE RECORDS. FULL SIZE, TWO TUNES, EXCELLENT REPRODUCTION (not secondhand, but absolutely new). Send 2/- at once and 6 latest DURIUM Records will be sent post free with latest list.

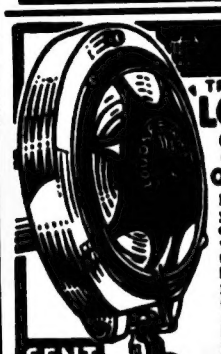
FLEXOLITE DISPOSALS CO., Flexolite House, 64, Well Street, London, E.C.1.
TRADE ENQUIRIES INVITED.

WANTED!
LIVE AGENTS TO REPRESENT A LIVE FIRM

If you want to earn big money in your spare time write at once for details of our amazing plan. All you have to do is to offer our 6d. Club Cards. Everybody wants them, and they can be exchanged for full value in goods as shown in our beautifully illustrated Art Coloured Catalogue.

Every Agent is paid liberal commissions, and there are special bonuses. We guarantee all the goods and pay agents' postages. A Weekly Club News containing particulars of Free Competitions is supplied gratis. We have hundreds of different lines for every member of the family, and most important of all, we give big cash prizes weekly. Write for complete details and catalogue NOW, and start earning extra cash at once.

JOHN MASSEY & SONS, LTD.
(DEPT. J.B.), 19, GORST ROAD, LONDON, N.W.10



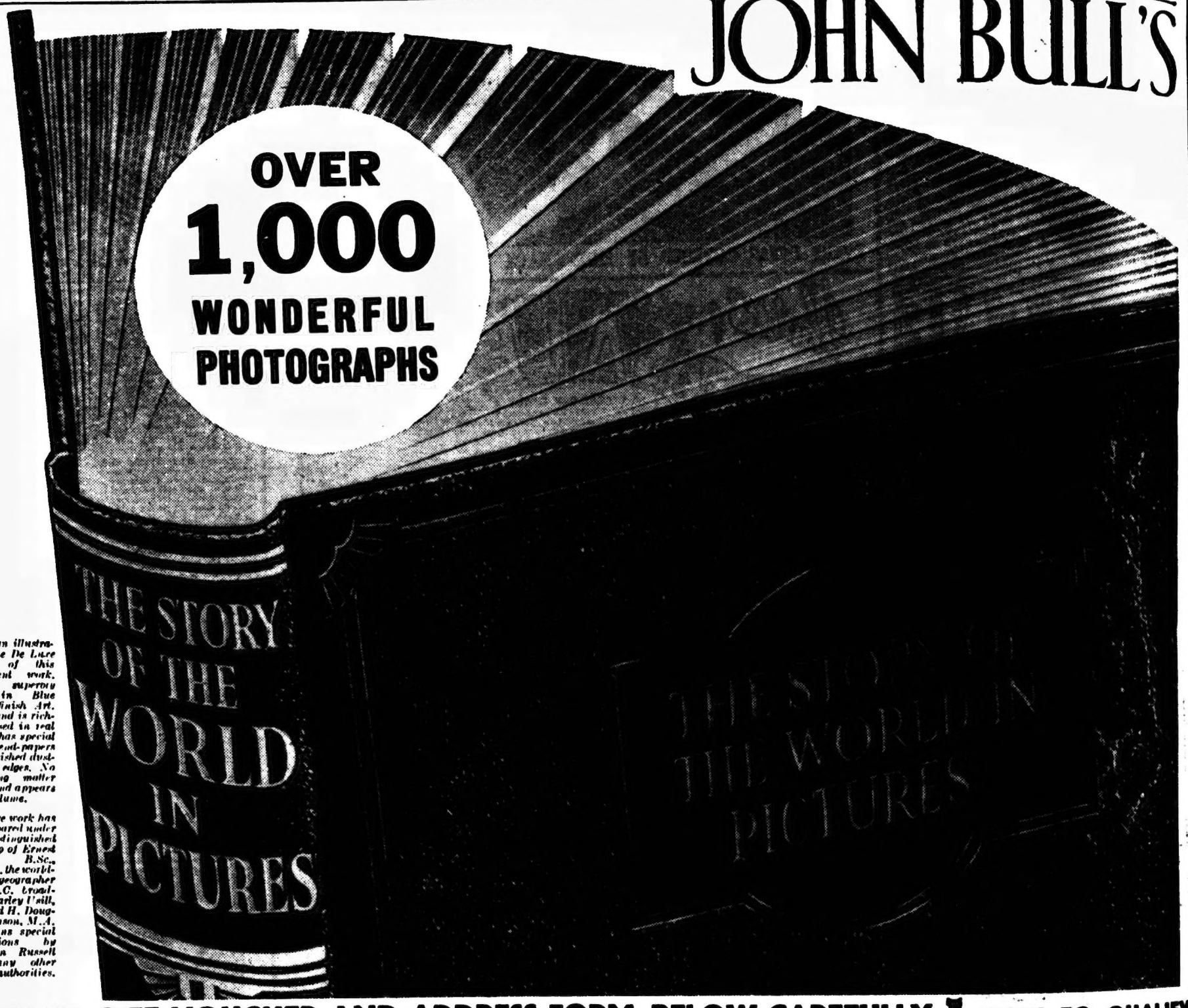
TRY THE WONDERFUL

LOUDSPEAKER SOUNDBOX
ON YOUR GRAMOPHONE

Don't buy a new Gramophone—your old one, no matter how worn, can be made like a new £23 Cabinet with our latest model Soundbox—the only "Loudspeaker." Amazing volume of sound, and absolute purity in highest and lowest notes (impossible in cheap soundboxes). Approved customers pay after receiving Soundbox 2/- weekly (11/- in all) or 10/- cash down. State if Soundbox fits in or slips over tonearm of your gramophone.

(F.) HAND & CO., 186, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

JOHN BULL'S



Here is an illustration of the De Luxe Edition of this magnificent work. It is superbly bound in Blue Antique-finish Art Leather and is richly embossed in real gold. It has special coloured end-papers and burnished dust-proof top edges. No advertising matter of any kind appears in the volume.

The entire work has been prepared under the distinguished editorship of Ernest Young, B.Sc., F.R.G.S., the world-famous geographer and B.B.C. broadcaster; Harley Usill, B.A., and H. Douglas Thomson, M.A. It contains special contributions by Sir John Russell and many other eminent authorities.

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THE STORY OF THE WORLD IN PICTURES

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First fill in the Reservation Form and Label **below. Be sure to indicate in which Edition you desire your volume—Ordinary** or **De Luxe.** This Form reserves your volume in your name, in the Edition you specify, and **must** be sent in at once. **You send no money with the Reservation Form.** Indicate also on your Gift Voucher on the opposite page the Edition selected.

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IMPORTANT! **It is a condition of this offer that your Newsagent must hold a written order from you for the regular delivery of "John Bull." Should your Newsagent NOT already hold such an Order from you, hand him the Order Form to be found on page 18 of this issue.**

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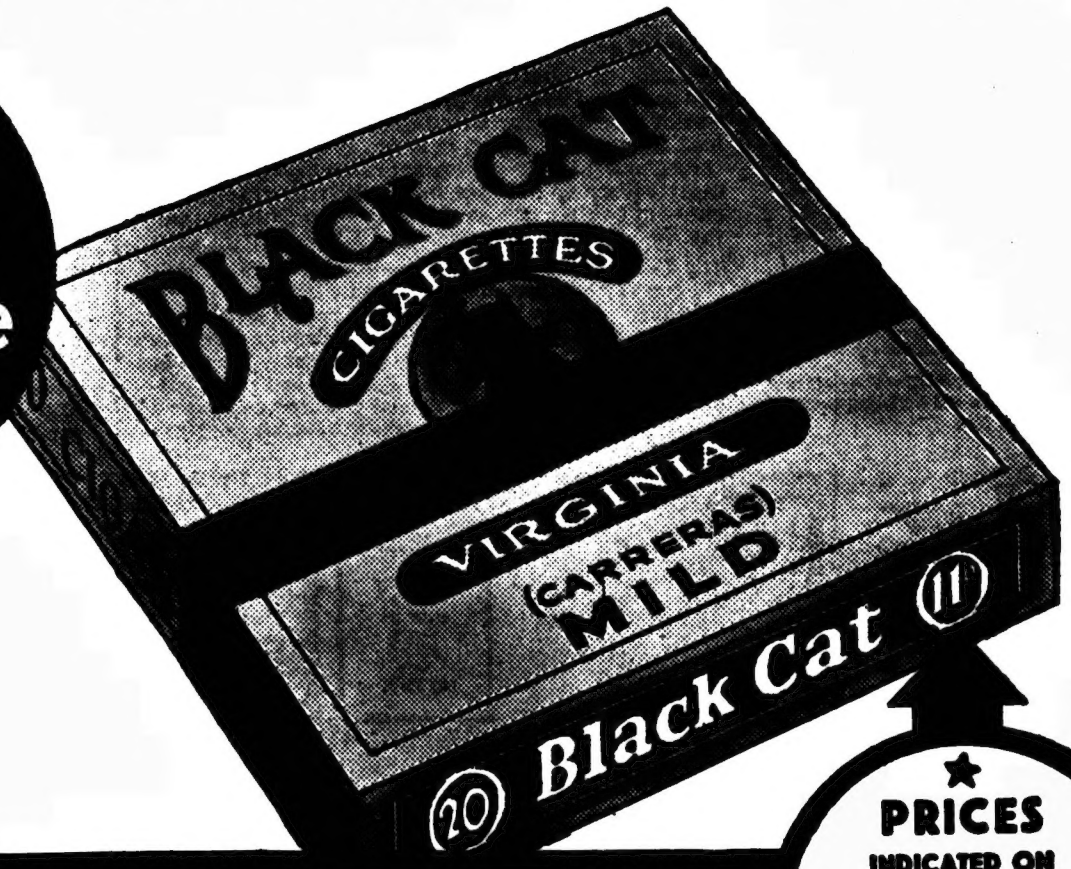

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JOHN BULL

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

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The MAN who LOST his WIFE

Just an accident! But it happens 720 times a day

THE Editor of "John Bull" has received the following letter, which we commend to the attention of the Minister of Transport and other authorities who are concerned in the vital problem of making our roads safe:

Dear Sir,—I am an old and regular reader of JOHN BULL who, until now, has never had cause to communicate with you upon a personal matter.

It is personal, at least, in so far that this letter is prompted by a private grief. But others have suffered already in the same way; and I fear many more will suffer in the future.

If only I could hope that this letter will do anything to prevent it. . . .

The truth is, the bottom has just fallen out of my life. I have lost my wife, my partner for forty years, by death in a street motor-car accident.

"Well," it may be said, "that is not unusual. To you it means much, but to the community it is an everyday incident. Are not twenty people killed in this country in road accidents every day?"

It is for the very reason that such happenings are not unusual to-day and that they excite as a whole so little public concern that I want to draw attention to my humble experience.

Till quite recently I was one of those people—how many there must be!—to whom the everyday street tragedies of our towns and cities seem only remote and impersonal events.

It never dawned on me that I was just as likely to suffer from one of them as any other of my fellow-countrymen.

I thought it was the sort of thing that happened only to other people.

When I read about street fatalities in the newspapers they never aroused in me any dread for myself and mine. I sympathised in a vague way for a moment or two with the victims, and then passed on.

I suppose there must be millions like me.

And now I feel a great desire to change those millions as I have been changed, to quicken their consciousness, to make them feel with the intensity that "gets things done."

BEFORE I lost my wife I knew full well, as everybody else does, that the toll of the roads has mounted every year by at least 10,000 until to-day in Great Britain the annual account is 7,500 dead and 250,000 injured in or by motor vehicles.

I knew that twenty people go out from their homes every day of the year who do not return, and 700 are brought back every day maimed or crippled—all road accident victims.

I knew, from insurance statistics, that in ten years there has been created in this country an army of almost a million men and women all permanently disabled in consequence of motor traffic accidents.

But all these reckonings were so many empty figures to me until the other day—until my companion of forty years went out and was one of those who never returned.

On that crisp, sunny morning, with the usual casual remarks about what we were going to eat at the next meal, she set out to do her shopping.

I saw her from the window cross to the pillar-box and post some letters and then walk on to the end of the road. In the distance I could hear an approaching 'bus and thought to myself she would just be in time to catch it.

I SETTLED down with the morning newspaper with the ease and comfort that I had, since my retirement after a long and strenuous working life, settled down to enjoy, as I thought, for many years to come.

Little did I imagine that my happiness was over—that an hour later I would be called urgently to the hospital.

The worst had happened, though, mercifully, my poor wife had no recollection in her conscious moments of the accident that had befallen her. She remembered nothing about the moment when she stepped off the pavement to cross to the 'bus and was swept down by a motor-car driven by a mere boy.

That boy came later to see me. He stood on the doorstep. "I'm sorry," he said. That was all. I have not seen him again.

No doubt he was really sorry. But that was small comfort to a man nearing his three score years and ten who, by a cruel trick of Fate, had lost in a moment the partner of a lifetime.

The matter-of-fact inquest only added to the coldness of it all—coroners nowadays hold so many of this kind. I saw my wife's name on the court list bracketed with some others and opposite the bracket was the word "Mots."

I asked the coroner's officer what the strange word meant. He replied that motoring fatalities were now so numerous that for official purposes to save time they were briefly described as "Mots."

"Mots"—the word that will haunt me all my life.

"Mots"—the ugly word that has crudely summed up the life tragedy of so many others of my fellow-countrymen.

"Mots"—which may be the fate lying in store for any of us round the corner for all we know!

It was at that moment, I think, that I first realised how impersonal has become the public outlook upon the death record of the roads.

The truth is that the menace of the roads has grown upon us until we have come to accept it as inevitable and irremediable. And the steadily mounting massacre will continue so long as that attitude continues.

What can be done? That is a question that at least thousands, who like myself have been stricken by the tragedy of it all, must be asking to-day.

Well, for one thing, I make the humble suggestion that the leaders of the Churches should accept the responsibility of seeking to awaken the public conscience to the need, in humanity's name, of getting something done to stop the slaughter that is daily going on.

ONLY when some such step as this is taken, without blame or vindictiveness upon any class of road users, will the awful toll of dead and injured on our roads begin to diminish.

That is why I suggest that the Churches should declare a Day of National Mourning for all who are stricken on the roads.

For the vast army of those who are bereaved and left to mourn, this would provide the opportunity for them to raise a heartfelt protest against the present scandalous disregard for the sanctity of life and limb that should not be allowed to continue.

Then what they, and I, feel personally as victims of the slaughter may become an organised and effective voice that will banish the terror in which to-day we all walk or ride on our roads.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER . . .

Plain Words to Sir Henry Betterton

More Bad-Food Fiends

The Men Work Kills

John Bull: "You must put an end to this, Sir Henry"

WHAT are you going to do about this, Sir Henry Betterton?

A week or two ago we published an account of the extraordinary heroism of David Woosnam, an unemployed young man living in Ogmore Vale, Glamorgan.

Over a very long period this lad has been giving pieces of skin from his body in order that they may be grafted on to his sister, thereby saving her life.

Tokens of admiration

Our account of his fortitude and modesty aroused the deepest interest all over Britain. Hundreds of people wrote to David to express their admiration of his heroism.

Some of them, reading that he was unemployed and had been so for some time, enclosed in their letters trifling sums of money as a token of their esteem.

Many of these postal orders for shillings and half-crowns came from poor people who probably found it difficult to spare the money themselves.

Enter the means test!

But you know, Sir Henry, how generous the poor can be when their hearts are touched by the misfortune and suffering of others.

Four Birmingham girls, for instance, all between the ages of twenty-one and twenty-five, sent him anonymously a small gift, "hoping that he would not lose anything by his brave act."

But, Sir Henry, these "four chums" (as they signed themselves) had forgotten you and the Means Test. They had forgotten, like the other donors, that by sending these shillings and half-crowns to David Woosnam they were jeopardising his "dole."

Quick work

Who would have thought it! Who would have believed that the instant the JOHN BULL article appeared the Means Test local official would call on David Woosnam and tell him that all sums received should be tabulated for his information!

Easy to guess why the request was made.

Pretty hot work, that, Sir Henry. And hardly inspired by the same generosity and human understanding that prompted the senders of these bits of money.

Harsh and grinding

You are Minister of Labour, Sir Henry, and a generous and kindly man. But do you realise how hard and grinding the methods of your Department can be?

Do you realise how Means Test methods like those employed in the case of David Woosnam will breed disaffection throughout a whole district?

If you have not up to the present, let us hope you will now, after reading this case in point.

Lord Nuffield's gift

One doesn't need to be of any particular political persuasion to have one's blood raised to a fever-heat of indignation by such Inquisition methods as were practised on David Woosnam just for the sake of a few shillings.

Lord Nuffield (who was Sir William Morris) is, for instance, a staunch Conservative. A few days after he was raised to the peerage in the New Year's Honours List he read JOHN BULL'S account of David Woosnam's heroic sacrifice.

Recognising immediately that here was a case where real worth and grit deserved recognition, he sent David a small cheque.

What do you think?

What do you suppose, Sir Henry, that Lord Nuffield will think when he learns that by his kindly act he may have placed young David Woosnam in danger of losing part of his already meagre "dole"?

He will think, Sir Henry, just what the majority of his humane fellow-countrymen are thinking, and what you, too, we hope, will think!

And having thought, we hope that you will act.

Truth will out

We expect Sir Hilton Young, the Minister of Health, is feeling peeved. For some of the towns he has blacklisted are saying that *he* is responsible for holding up their slum clearance plans.

He had their schemes long ago. And they want to start on them. But Whitehall prefers to talk.

He's learning

It is just the same with the water shortage problem. Many local authorities submitted plans two years ago that would have given them proper supplies by now.

But then the Minister shrieked Economy. Now he is saying, "Send me your water schemes and I will approve them."

It seems to have taken a drought, the loss of hundreds of thousands of pounds by factories that couldn't get water, and a fever epidemic to make him realise that the schemes are really wanted.

A win for us

We hear there is almost certain to be legislation soon to control share-out clubs.

We have been urging this for years, and it's rather a shock to learn that at last the Home Office experts have ended their slumbers.

The cruel frauds on the poor, reported with unfailing regularity every Christmas, should have been made impossible long ago. But better late than never!

Killed by work

As for those other Whitehall officials who think a man can maintain his health on less than five-shillings' worth of food a week, let them ponder on the tragedy of James Walter Pritchard.

This Manchester man and his family had been living on such a diet for two years. Then Pritchard found a job.

Within two hours of starting work he collapsed and died: the strain was too much for his weakened constitution.

Plain facts

We agree with the coroner that "if a man has been unemployed for a lengthy period and has not been obtaining a sufficient diet for manual work he is liable to collapse when attempting a full day's work, as this man has done."

And we must point out that a day or two later another man died in similar circumstances.

The facts are plain. Unfortunately, Whitehall has a habit of shutting its eyes to plain facts.

Bad food

And we must protest once again that a good deal of food sold in the poorer districts is totally unfit.

The need for closer inspection is shown by the case of two Oldham butchers, just fined for having meat in their shop that was badly infected with tuberculosis.

Yet it was said to have been bought at a good price, and the carcase had been open for inspection in the slaughter-house. Why hadn't it been inspected?

Prophecy comes true

We hear of too many cases, too, like that of the Chesterfield butcher, William Barlow, who has a shocking record and has just gone to jail again for selling unfit food.

When he was arrested he predicted that he would get six months, and we're glad the prediction has come true.

Fortunately there are similar instances that suggest the courts are heeding our advice to "jail the bad-food fiends."

Profitable

There are some farmers we'd like to jail as well. One is Samuel Bean, of Acomb, Yorkshire, who underpaid a man by 11s. a week for years.

The man asked for better pay, but couldn't get it, and now Bean has been fined a paltry £1 and ordered to pay only £28 in arrears. So his dodge has been well worth while.

How much longer are such things to be tolerated?

Cables of death

It is official indifference that allows such evils to continue, it is official stupidity that has just cost two lives.

We told recently how a high-tension cable was hidden behind a temporary fence. When a labourer hit it with a nail two people were blown up.

Now an 11,000-volt cable has fallen in a busy Armagh street and killed two boys.

What intelligence to place such a cable over a main street!

Who cares?

Nor do we think much of the intelligence of the Larkhill Debating Society.

For though there are so many wrongs to put right, so many things that matter to discuss, they have to devote an evening to debate "whether the Liverpool gentleman is better than the Manchester man."

The somewhat snobbish Liverpool people seem to have won. But we shall be surprised if Manchester worries.

Man in miniature

If they are short of subjects, we can give them one.

Little Belmont Sharp, of Wigston, Leics., was drowning. Two men who were asked to help jumped on their bicycles and hurried off. So Eric, the drowning lad's eight-year-old brother, jumped in—and both lost their lives.

Even the Larkhill debaters should be able to tell us who was the real man then.

Strange reward—

Let us admire, too, the pluck of young Jack Palmer, the London lad who dived into the icy Thames to save a woman from drowning, putting to shame the crowd that had just been gaping at her struggles.

But we don't see why the police should have put him in a cell for a night as a result of his good deed.

We know it was wrong of him not to report to the probation officer after being bound over a year ago for some petty offence. It may even have been wrong of him to run away from home because he couldn't get work, and to earn his living by singing in the street.

The better one

Anyway, his rescue enabled the police to trace him and two detectives took him away.

But we're very glad the Highgate justices cancelled his probation, gave him ten shillings and sent him back to his widowed mother, and promised him a job. It seems to us that their kindness is equalled by their good sense.

Doctor's duty

We doubt if a certain doctor has either sense or kindness. He must have caused much trouble and pain to a Chester woman by refusing to give a note regarding the death of her son and thus making a post-mortem examination necessary.

He had seen the man only a few moments before he died, but he said (it is alleged) that he wasn't going to have his brains picked for nothing.

We are glad the coroner had something to say about that. We are also glad that most doctors lessen suffering rather than inflict it unnecessarily.

Yet again

Still worse is the ambulance scandal to which we have to refer week after week.

The latest case comes from Bootle, where a woman had been in hospital with a dislocated shoulder. When discharged, she couldn't go home by taxi-cab owing to her arm being in a frame.

But she had to wait about from 11 a.m. till eight at night for the ambulance; the strain so affected her weak heart that she died two days later.

Aftermath

While dealing with the tragedies of the week, we must refer to the death of an ex-soldier, Francis Ford.

During the War this Worcester man received thirty-two shrapnel wounds and a bayonet wound; he was rendered totally blind and deaf and had lived seventeen years since in misery, constantly under medical treatment.

When we read of the squabbles of our Brass Hats to get bigger armies and navies we might think of men like Francis Ford.

For ever and ever

We'd rather our money were spent on stopping the floods than on new battleships.

A year ago we told of the plight endured by an eighty-year-old widow and her daughter, whose home had been flooded by the river Spey sixty-nine times in seven years.

Well, they have just been marooned for the seventy-seventh time!

Murkier still

We see that a firm has been fined £5 and five guineas costs, at Stratford, for adding dried milk—consisting of machine-skimmed milk powder—to milk intended for sale.

The firm was the Lymington and Stafford Dairies, Ltd.—one of the companies included in the strange group we recently exposed as the "Murky Milk Combine."

Great Discoveries Lost to Britain

Handcuffs Off the DOCTORS!

by
SIR ERNEST GRAHAM LITTLE,
M.P. for the University of London

"Britain is almost the only country in which the medical profession has imposed upon itself this self-denying ordinance"

IT has long been an honourable tradition for medical men in this country to refuse to patent inventions made by them and to give them to the public without reward, an attitude which effectively prevented co-operation in any commercial undertaking.

An absurd instance of the way in which this sometimes operates may be cited. William Oliver, a famous practising physician in Bath in the first half of the eighteenth century, invented the "Bath Oliver" biscuit, but, deeming it beneath his dignity to profit commercially by it, he gave the formula to his coachman, who made an enormous fortune with it.

This tradition, praiseworthy and harmless in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, is positively mischievous in the twentieth. It has sterilised the possibility of medical research on any large scale in co-operation with manufacture and commerce.

The position is rendered all the more anomalous by the fact that Great Britain is almost the only country in which the medical profession has imposed upon itself this self-denying ordinance, which is not in the least warranted by our Patent Laws.

These laws were revised and consolidated in the great Patent and Designs Act of 1932. Unfortunately, during the preparation of the Bill, a very determined effort was made by certain medical bodies to secure legislative prohibition of medical patents, and thus to coerce medical men into accepting for ever the position that "it is undesirable for a registered medical practitioner to apply for a patent in the medical field."

The principal protagonists in this attempt to secure coercive legislation were the Medical Research Council, the Council of the British Medical Association, and the governing bodies of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons in London.

Serious handicap

THE Council of the British Medical Association was perhaps the most active in this effort, and representatives from this body endeavoured to persuade the Departmental Committee (appointed to prepare the Bill) to exempt medical men from its operation, that is to say, to disallow patents for medical inventions by medical men.

Their action was all the more unfortunate, and uncalled for, as the President of the General Medical Council had given a ruling expressly countenancing, under certain conditions, the applications for patents by medical practitioners.

The Departmental Committee examined at great length and with much patience the arguments for the view expressed by these medical representatives, which was very strenuously opposed by witnesses and by members of the committee having experience of chemical manufacture.

Thus the spokesman for the "Joint Chemical Committee," speaking for a large body of chemical manufacturers, pointed out that "the abandonment of medical patents in this country without international agreement on the subject would place both our research workers and our manufacturers at a serious disadvantage."

Vitamin D farce

A MEMBER of the committee, who had had thirty years' experience of the manufacture of valuable drugs, said he could not remember any instance of an important drug being invented by a medical practitioner in this country, although he knew of many such instances abroad, and the spokesman for the Council of the British Medical Association was constrained to admit that he could not cite any example of such an invention in this country "in modern times."

The simple explanation of that fact lies, not in lack of inventive genius on the part of our medical researchers, but in the veto which the governing bodies of the profession have attempted to impose upon them.

There have been several instances where this opposition to medical patents has worked out to the detriment, not only of the medical men concerned, but also to the country and to the interests of British industry.

A striking case is that of Vitamin D, the wonderful food substance which is so invaluable in the treatment of children suffering from rickets.

British workers in the Medical Research Council's own laboratories were the first to find a way of obtaining Vitamin D in its concentrated form by means of the action of ultra-violet rays on another food substance called ergosterol. In accordance with their usage, they announced their discovery freely to the world. There was no attempt to patent it, nor to protect any of the preliminary researches.

Yet when our manufacturers came to make this new vitamin they found their way barred by a British patent taken out some time before by a Professor Steenbock, of Wisconsin, in the U.S.A. The patent was phrased in general terms to cover the irradiation of foodstuffs, and it had been turned over, or "bequeathed," by Professor Steenbock to the Wisconsin University.

Although the Professor had not discovered the manufacture of Vitamin D by the method described, his patent covered it.

So you get the farcical situation that sick and ailing British children must pay royalties to an American university for a cure made available to them by British doctors' discoveries.

There is another aspect of this question of medical patents where the implications are still more serious.

All of us know that medical research is an expensive undertaking. It derives a certain financial support from the Government, but it is useless to pretend that the amounts given are adequate to the needs of the day.

One way of increasing the scope and resources of medical research is by getting assistance from industry, particularly the chemical and allied industries.

But what firm is there in this country which could feel able to back a medical researcher with its plant and its shareholders' money when they are unable to share in the fruits of any discovery because the doctor concerned is prohibited from patenting it?

So the progress of medical research in this country is retarded because it does not get the powerful industrial backing it receives in other countries.

And industry suffers also. The pre-eminence of Germany in the field of therapeutic drugs is largely owing to the co-operation which has always been possible there between doctors and industry.

One instance may serve to illuminate the point—the invention of the drug Salvarsan, which has revolutionised the treatment of venereal disease in every civilised country.

The researches which ultimately led to that discovery by Ehrlich were only made possible by his co-operation with the world-famous German chemical firm of Lucius Bruning, which spent some £200,000 on the experiments before the drug was put upon the market as a patented invention.

Since the war this country has built up a chemical industry whose capacity and potentialities are second to none. Its great hope in the future is a closer co-operation with medical research. Both of them need each other. They should work together.

The common task

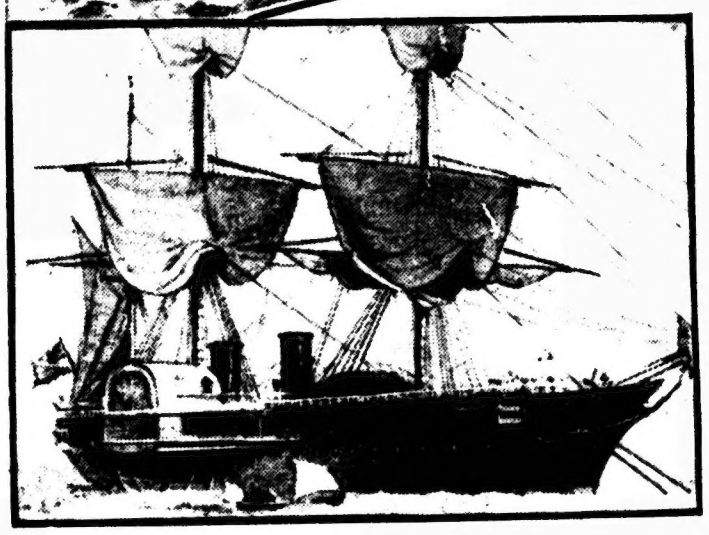
IT should be clearly understood, therefore, by all medical men that there is now absolutely no objection, not even from the ethical standpoint (for that has been waived even by the B.M.A.), to their applying for patents for their discoveries.

This is obviously a big step forward, and it may be hoped that the mischievous effect of years of veto and opposition may now be removed.

I hope that British medical men may now be encouraged to come forward to co-operate with British manufacturers in the task which ought to be a common one—namely, the securing of a united front, such as obtains abroad, in fighting disease and malnutrition.

RISE *and* FALL *of the* R.M.S.P.

The BIGGEST



Some of the Vessels of the Royal Mail Steam Packet from its earliest days: (Left) "Amazon," 1851; (above, from left to right) "Orinoco," 1851; "Oruba," 1889; "Amazon," 1906 and "Highland Princess," 1930

WHEN a great ship founders tragedy tears at the hearts of landsman and seaman alike.

But this is the story of the greatest shipwreck in history. A shipwreck which, though it led to no loss of lives, spread distress and tragedy among thousands of people in countries all over the world; the foundering not of one ship only, but of a great company—the greatest shipping company the world has ever seen—controlling at the height of its power over 500 vessels, crack liners of the Atlantic, and cargo ships bound to strange destinations at the other end of the world.

Quietly to a group of shareholders who have grown used to shocks, Mr. P. G. Mylne Mitchell, chairman of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company, announced at the annual meeting of the company the other day that over £9,000,000, including all the share capital of the company, was lost.

There are other losses impossible yet to estimate in detail which will mean a still bigger total.

Tragic chapter

To the City of London the news was but the last echo of the famous Kylsant case, but to those who care for ships and the history of ships it is a chapter—a tragic chapter—in one of the most romantic stories in all the romantic history of the British Mercantile Marine.

It is a story that begins only a little short of a hundred years ago. And despite the gloomy message of the balance-sheet figures it is not the last chapter—for not the least romantic aspect of the story is that it is the son of one of the earliest captains of the great fleet who is now on the bridge in charge of the company, the son of a captain who had a reputation throughout the R.M.S.P. fleet in the great days of sail and of paddle for riding out a storm.

P. G. Mylne Mitchell took over the chairmanship at the height of the great storm that shook the company with which he had served since a boy. And in his office in the towering Royal Mail building in Leadenhall Street he sees as he busies himself with the problem of getting a great company on its feet again the vision of Royal Mail ships on whose decks he played as a baby, ships whose captains were kings among seafaring men.

And over his desk watching him as he works is a portrait of that Captain John Sumpter Mitchell, who began the family's unbroken association with the company over ninety years ago; who brought his son up in the tradition of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company.

Three years ago the Royal Mail and its subsidiary associated companies controlled one-seventh of the entire British Mercantile Marine. From Royal Mail House went out instructions to more than five hundred ships in all the seven seas, a great and powerful fleet of 2,600,000 gross tons, which had cost £106,000,000 to build.

Those ships travelled over 21,000,000 miles a year, carrying 1,500,000 passengers, and over 14,500,000 tons of cargo. Sixty thousand men on land and sea served their needs.

Now much of that fleet is scattered in one of the greatest financial breakdowns, even in this age of financial tragedies. But the Royal Mail, despite its losses, despite the tremendous obstacles in the way, is carrying on, fighting the storm which threatens to swamp it as the ships of the fleet have fought the storms of the world throughout their history.

And to-day the thoughts not only of P. G. Mylne Mitchell, chairman and son of Captain Mitchell, but of many others associated with the company, and of others whose lives have been spent among men who go down to the sea in ships and do business in great waters, go back to the early days of the company when its entire fleet of nineteen vessels totalled only 29,237 gross tons—less than one great liner of to-day.

To the Spanish Main!

The Royal Mail Steam Packet Company was founded by Royal Charter in 1839 as a result of a meeting of City bankers and merchants, who deliberated upon the necessity of a regular line of mail packets to the West Indies and—romantic boyhood memories — the Spanish Main.

Then merchandise to such destinations was being carried by frigates of the Royal Navy, but the frigates did not always sail to time—wars and rumours of wars interrupted their sailings. A regular merchant service was necessary.

Thus the Royal Mail came into being with a special Charter and so close a connection with the Crown that its fleet was officered entirely at first by officers of the Royal Navy, who were transferred to the company, and who were actually allowed to continue carrying their side arms for many years until the privilege was finally suspended in 1858.

"Floating volcanoes"

The ships carried guns, and on each there sailed an Admiralty Agent, whose duty it was to see that the mails carried were safely delivered, and who was empowered to take charge of the ship in the event of her falling foul of any enemies of the realm.

They were curious-looking ships to our modern eyes, these early mail packets, with their tall masts, their single funnel, and their big paddles at either side—neither sail nor steam—but they created great excitement when they sailed to the Spanish Main and the ports of South Africa, so that Inca chiefs when brought in State to the mouth of the River Plate to view the great ship from over the water fell flat on their faces to worship the "floating volcano."

And in the England of their day they were regarded as the pick of the Mercantile Service, so that 60,000 people gathered to applaud the launching of the crack vessel of the fleet, the *Forth*, of 1,900 tons.

And in 1849 there was the *Thames*

Homely Wisdom
by Canon R. J. Campbell, D.D.

When Is *a* Man OLD?

NEVER, I think, have I had so many letters in the first month of a New Year from persons who are complete strangers to me, our only link being that of the printed page.

Nearly all these greetings are simple, kindly expressions of good will; but I am struck by the large proportion of them which breathe a note of sadness. These came mostly from elderly people. Younger people with whom life is not going well do not write sadly, though some of them write bitterly.

On the other hand, one of the cheeriest letters of the lot comes from a man over four score years of age. He tells me that the happiest period of his life is now, and that he actually feels younger and more buoyant in mind and heart than he was fifty years ago.

He says: "Life is utterly different for me in my old age from what it was when I was young. It is not that I am better off, for anxiety on that score is as great as ever, not because of my own personal needs but because of what I have to do for others who are dependent upon me and for whom the outlook is rather dark."

He then goes on to tell me of the trouble he has had in the past, of years of struggle and ill-luck, of one calamity following upon another, of injuries inflicted upon him by persons whom he trusted too freely, of sorrow caused to him by the misconduct of some whom he held dear.

"But," he adds, "in these last years of mine I am enjoying life as I never did before. My greatest pleasure, and it is a never-failing one—I might say a daily one—is to take a little brightness to invalid children who come from poor homes; and I am amazed to find what an amount of gratitude and love this evokes from them and their parents and what loyal friendships it has made for me.

"In spite of all the suffering the little ones have to bear it takes but a little to bring a smile to their faces, and I have seen no more real happiness anywhere than in the wards of a children's hospital or in a home where an afflicted child is the means of calling forth tenderness and self-sacrifice from the rest of the family.

"You are right in saying that life is not ended for any of us while opportunity remains for breathing new hope into an anxious mind, or showing sympathy with those in pain. It has been my salvation."

Here is an excellent example of what I have found true a thousand times. To be happy and content we have somehow to get away from our own centre and to find some way, however humble, of lifting the shadow of depression from other lives.

It is very important not to be unhappy; and unhappiness depends less upon our circumstances than we think. The effort to keep young in spirit is well worth while; it is only too fatally easy to give way to a tendency to grumble and repine as we grow older.

Old bones creak, the body decays, ailments and infirmities increase with the passing of the years, but the inner man should not grow old in like manner, nor need he do so. On the contrary, he should grow stranger, wiser, kinder, more serene in spirit every day he lives.

What life takes from you in one way it will more than make up for in another if you keep the mind fresh and the heart open, and are careful to miss no opportunity of contributing what you can to the courage and faith that cannot work without joy.

SHIPWRECK in History

"Under Lord Kylsant's direction the R.M.S.P. grew to proportions undreamed of by its founders"

commanded by Captain Jellicoe, father of Admiral Jellicoe, and with as one of his junior officers the John Sumpter Mitchell, already referred to, a midshipman transferred from the Navy, who was to become a little later one of the fleet's most famous captains and father of the man who is fighting to revive the fortunes of the company to-day.

Shaping history

The number of passengers and the amount of freight those early ships carried are almost laughable to a modern shipowner. I have looked through a worn and slightly tattered record of the sailings of some of them, which made a good voyage if their total receipts were £610 and if they carried a dozen or so passengers.

They sailed to the West Indies, to New York, to Halifax, Canada, Cuba and Panama, the River Plate, Jamaica, Nassau, Savannah and Barbados, and later Port Said, Singapore, Hong Hong, Kobe, Yokohama. These and a dozen other ports for ever romantic to a landsman's ears.

They carried cargo of all kinds, and their captains were fêted like kings in the far ports they visited.

Before the Panama Canal was opened they organised a service of transit by mules and canoes across the Isthmus of Panama to open up a route to the Pacific Coast, and from the West Indies the Royal Mail Steam Packet *Shannon* brought a record cargo of specie consisting of gold and silver to the value of £1,511,426, which had to be transferred from Southampton to the Bank of England in forty-one wagons.

And in between times they helped to shape history.

In the Crimean War seven of the Royal Mail ships carried troops and stores to the Black Sea, one of them, the *Orinoco*, making the passage from Southampton to Malta in what seemed in those days the amazingly short time of nine days, while another, the *Trent*, rode one of the severest gales ever experienced, which broke her bowsprit and swept all her boats away without losing one of the 320 sick and wounded men she was carrying from Balaclava to Constantinople.

P. G. Mylne Mitchell, chairman of the Royal Mail Steam Packet Company

'Contraband' prisoners

That same ship, the *Trent*, was the cause of an international incident which at one time seemed likely to plunge Britain into war against the Federal States in their fight with the Confederate States of the South in the American Civil War.

She carried among her passengers two Commissioners for the Confederate States when, at the entrance to the Bahama Channel she was stopped by a Federal man-of-war, the *San Jacinto*, and the two Commissioners taken off as "contraband of war."

Enormous indignation was created in England by this incident, and Earl Russell, the Foreign Secretary, demanded of the Federal Government the immediate release of the two men. At first the Federal Government refused, but when the British note was followed up with diplomatic protests from France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, and Italy against an infringement of the freedom of the seas, they submitted and released their prisoners.

The boom

The years passed, and in 1911, when the air was thick with rumours of impending war, the Royal Mail, then under the chairmanship of Mr. Owen Philipps, later Lord Kylsant, who had risen from a clerkship to be one of the greatest shipowners of the world, was privately approached by the Government.

Its chairman was asked—the news will come as a surprise to most people even at this date—if the R.M.S.P. would arm all the ships in its fleet as a preparation for war immediately.

The R.M.S.P. not only agreed to arm, but to arm at its own expense, and had made all arrangements to do so when the Government changed its mind and decided the danger of war had passed. Three years later war came.

Those war years were for shipping companies years of difficulty but of prosperity, and at the end of them the R.M.S.P. emerged stronger than ever—so strong that it was able in 1919 to take over from the British Government seventy-seven ships costing over £15,000,000.

And after the war—boom and expansion.

Under Lord Kylsant's direction the R.M.S.P. grew to proportions undreamed of by its founders. It purchased control of the famous White Star Line, bringing control of that great Atlantic fleet back to England from the United States; it bought the ships of the Australian Government, and eventually controlled some thirteen other big shipping companies.

Plans were being laid to add still further to the company's swollen prestige by the building of the largest ship in the world, a ship bigger even than the new Cunarder so much in the public eye to-day, an enormous luxury ship to be known as the *Gigantic*. The ship was designed—the shipyard was being prepared.

And then the crash!

At first rumours of financial difficulties and a catastrophic fall in the company's stocks on the Stock Exchange until at one time holders were ready to pay anyone who would take them because they were afraid, wrongly as it turned out, that under the original Charter individual stockholders might be called upon to help meet the company's liabilities; and then the sensational trial of Lord Kylsant at the Old Bailey.

The details of that crash and of the trial are still too fresh in public memory to need recalling here.

Riding the storm

Let us turn back instead to remember the great record of this company when it was helping to shape Britain's commercial history and look forward to a new recovery with one steeped in the Royal Mail traditions on the bridge.

It is not going to be an easy voyage, but the captains of the Royal Mail rode out many storms in the past. There are many to hope that the company will yet succeed in riding this.

The Human Machine

LET THEM FIGHT!

THE doctrine of what is called "Free Will" has agitated thinkers for hundreds of years. Are we human beings at liberty to choose what we will do at any given moment, or has what we do already been determined for us long ago by some unknown and unknowable Destiny?

Are we the builders of our own fortunes—or is there some unseen Fate pushing us on towards some unseen end? Ever since men learned to think rationally philosophers have debated and fought over this question.

We can leave them to fight; for if the psychology of thought and action teaches us anything, it teaches us that we can at least choose our path within the limits of our own powers and abilities.

We can be active or we can be idle. We can do what we believe to be right, or we can do what we know to be wrong. We can develop our talents, or we can allow them to stagnate and rust. We can be faithful to any trust given us, or we can be unreliable.

Free will or no free will, these and a hundred other things we can do. We, and we alone, can decide such action or inaction.

For the rest we can leave the end to disclose itself when it arrives. Our part is to ensure that each moment, each thought, each act, is tackled thoroughly and well.

We can at least behave so that we ourselves can never say: "I might have done that better had I tried harder."

There are no philosophic quibbles about that. There can be none about satisfying our own consciences. That we can do, and that we should do.

And if we do that, consistently and faithfully and well, we shall not have done too badly, nor shall we have lived our lives in vain.

Hannen Swaffer's Open Letter to SIR BERNARD SPILSBURY

You Want Another Spilsbury!

DEAR SIR BERNARD.—What a great character you would make in fiction! You have every quality, yes, and every asset except the clothes and the strangeness of appearance.

Sherlock Holmes had to be found, always, in a dressing-gown, sometimes playing a violin Charlie Chan, of Honolulu, had to be a Chinaman. Agatha Christie's Belgian Poirot and J. S. Van Dine's young clubman, who solved mysteries as a hobby, were both "types."

But you, impressive, thoroughly professional, good-looking, tall—well, you look just the perfect specimen of a highly educated barrister or doctor, both of which you are. And you have the perfect jury manner.

"Master Mind Seals the Fate of Rouse." I read, once, in screaming headlines. "The Blunder that Hanged Armstrong" was another. You were, in that case, the spearhead of the prosecution. Your evidence in "The Brides in the Bath" case was final.

You have figured, as Home Office pathologist in nearly all the big murder cases of recent years—and, always, you have dominated the court with your penetrative analysis and your definite conclusions.

"Spilsbury's in the box."

I have heard this so often. It goes like a loud whisper around the corridors of the Old Bailey or whatever Assize Court you are attending as a witness. And then, nearly always, that is the end of it.

You see, such a pedestal of infallibility has been built up for you. And on this you stand, dominating the court. You look so certain. There seems no answer.

Counsel do not know how to pierce your armour. You may have so much in reserve, they think. You look like that. Indeed, you look the most important man in the court. And on your word people are either hanged or acquitted.

Never perhaps in the history of British criminal law was a single man's word taken with such reverence.

Now there is much reason for this. Your diagnosis is so masterly. It sounds so final.

Yet the truth is, of course, that most so-called knowledge which laymen have to accept as final might be considered by some rival expert as merely theory. And in your case, who is there to answer you?

Your eminence, your overwhelming manner, your very infallibility are additional arguments for a Public Defender. You are called by the Public Prosecutor, whose business it is to prosecute.

There should be also a Public Defender with the powers, yes, and the money with which to call, on the other side, if he wished to do so, such an authority as Professor Smith, of Edinburgh, who seems to be one of the few pathologists in the land capable of standing up to you. Professor Smith lives far away. Few prisoners could afford to call him in early, the only time when real evidence can be obtained.

Dr. Bronte was, at times, your great critic. Experts do not always agree. But now he is dead.

Now this, mind you, is no criticism of you. But, who, after all, is infallible?

I do not wonder that other experts are nervous about being called to find fault with your evidence. Your skill is so great.

When, recently, you were called down into Hampshire, three local doctors had suggested that a woman was suffering from burns. You, after your post-mortem examination, said, "These are not burns, but blisters caused by some internal irritant."

This killed all the theories on which the police were working. But for you, there might have been, in that case, an arrest—yes, and perhaps a verdict of murder.

In another case, where murder was committed, a local expert called in by the police said that the man whose body had been found after a considerable time was killed by a bullet wound. When the police had wasted days searching for the bullet, you, called in, declared that the man had not been killed by a bullet, but by a blow from a hammer.

No one is criticising your fairness. The issues at stake would, of course, be too great for anyone to imagine anything in your mind except a faithful searching for truth.

But, from the point of view of the public, the weakness of your eminence is a fear that, because of your long association with the police and with the prosecution side of trials, you may have absorbed, unconsciously, the prosecution idea. It must be dreadful to stand alone unchallenged. The trouble about many murder cases is that not all the facts are known. So much depends on a theory as to when somebody died, whether it was at a quarter to five or ten past six.

A body is found. There are bullet marks, a few singes. . . . Then, from some odd exhibits, there is built up a theory.

The trouble is that somebody else might build up another one. And if there is no one to call—well, there is only one theory. So it sounds like final fact.

And so you remain—imperturbable, unshakable, master of them all.

The great objection to capital punishment is that it cannot be undone.

And—who knows?—at any time fresh facts might be found. None of us know them all.

Hannen Swaffer

CANDID COMMUNICATIONS

Rt. Hon. G. C. TRYON,
Minister of Pensions

DEAR SIR,—"Your husband died for his country as much as if he had died in 1916," said the South Shields coroner to the widow of Arthur Waugh, who was shot in the lung during the war.

And a witness added: "He had to have constant medical attention. *He was not in receipt of a pension.*"

I needn't add a word.

JOHN BULL.

Viscount CECIL OF CHELWOOD,
London, S.W.1

DEAR LORD CECIL,—You and I know beyond doubt that great armament firms have fostered war scares, set nations feverishly piling up arms against each other, and in other ways helped to precipitate mass bloodshed.

And I am glad that the meeting which you will address in the Albert Hall on February 6 will declare not only its faith in the League of Nations, but its opposition to the private manufacture of arms.

Lasting peace will be impossible if the trade in the stuff of war is allowed to continue.

JOHN BULL.

THE CORPORATION OFFICIALS,
Basingstoke, Hampshire

GENTLEMEN,—When the magistrates dismissed a summons alleging a breach of the building by-laws, they said that if you had been more helpful to the defendant there would have been no need for litigation.

You may not believe it, but you are paid to help the ratepayers and not to "harass and hinder" them.

JOHN BULL.

LORD HAILSHAM,
Secretary for War

MY LORD,—Cleaners in the Chemical Warfare Department are having trouble with the War Office about their wages, which are only a few shillings more per week than they would draw on the "dole."

Surely the Government, which has granted an extra million or so to the War Office, should not need to haggle with these poor old women over a few shillings.

JOHN BULL.

Rev. W. H. WILLIAMS,
Weston-super-Mare

REVEREND SIR,—So you are another of the Diehards!

Your rural dean dared to preach in a Congregational church, and for his action you say "He should be pilloried or put in the dock."

This aroused laughter, but your earlier remarks showed you to be in earnest. Laughter is the best reply to them.

JOHN BULL.

THOMAS EDWARD TULLETT,
Tutbury, Staffs

TULLETT,—You were commissioned by the Wakefield Charities to distribute fifty-nine tons of coal among the poor. But there was "everything wrong there could be" with your scales, and the amount is likely to be ten tons short!

You have got off by paying £5 11s. in fines and costs, but had I been on the Bench you would now be in jail.

JOHN BULL.

KATHLEEN COGAN,
Warrington

THIEF,—With your sister, you were found guilty of shoplifting.

Still worse, you hid behind your sister, though you took a bigger part in the thefts and she is in poor health and a good deal younger.

"Despicable," said the stipendiary. Yes, that's the only word for it.

JOHN BULL.

THE RURAL COUNCILLORS,
Dolgelley

GENTLEMEN,—You have asked your sanitary inspector to make his reports in Welsh—but not your medical officer, I hope.

He has found that local children need at least a pint of milk a day, and he describes Whitehall's allowance of 2s. a week as "despicably mean."

Print such things in Welsh and Whitehall won't know what you are saying about them.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. J. MACLEOD CAREY,
Inspector of Mines, Wales

DEAR SIR,—Your scheme to save the South Wales mines from flooding should receive the close attention of the authorities.

It would cost £1,400,000, but experts declare that it would save scores of lives every year, enable coal to be produced more cheaply, and thus make it possible for miners to receive better pay and find work for many unemployed.

In other words, a really worthwhile plan

JOHN BULL.

THE COUNTY COUNCIL,
Hereford

PROUD SIRS,—The county needs a veterinary surgeon, but it can't get one because you won't pay the usual rate of salary.

And some of you are talking the old nonsense about being "governed by trade unions."

But if a tuberculosis epidemic broke out among the county's cattle, I expect you'd be glad to pay any salary.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. JAMES ELLIS,
Cheetham, Manchester

DEAR SIR,—You saved your workmates from injury in your endeavour to stem the flow of between five and eight tons of molten iron which gushed from a foundry furnace. Although the searing metal splashed your face and clothes, you made desperate efforts to plug the spurt with clay.

Your warning shouts enabled your workmates to escape the deadly stream, but you were badly hurt.

My readers will echo my "Bravo!"

JOHN BULL.

Miss JEANNIE DICKS,
Winchester

DEAR MISS DICKS,—Famous European firms competed for the contract to instal electric power and light in Winchester Cathedral, and you, head of your late father's firm for eleven years, secured the work, which you are now carrying out.

The Dean of Winchester says it will be the envy of every electrical engineer who examines it, and I hasten to offer my congratulations on your success.

JOHN BULL.

Mr. PERCIVAL B. BEDDOW,
Anerley, Surrey

SIR,—You are the sort of person that Spiritualism can very well do without.

A widow was told during séances that her dead husband wished her to loan you large sums of money to carry on Spiritualistic work—but the money went for your personal use.

I am glad the courts have ordered you to return £900 to her; I hope the judge's stern comments will deter others of your detestable kind.

JOHN BULL.

NATIONAL FEDERATION PROPERTY OWNERS: Slum plans will make many landlords end in workhouse, it is said. Trust they get better accommodation there than some of their tenants.—JOHN BULL.

The Madhouse OF THE Universe!

by A. G. GARDINER

"The veins of trade are being severed." And here is one of the results — hundreds of dock labourers waiting, hoping against hope, for a ship to come in . . .

I DO not remember who it was first described the world as "the madhouse of the universe," but there was never a time when the description was more appropriate than now. The nations without exception are like homicidal maniacs, all leagued together in a sort of Suicide Club.

This is not a picturesque extravagance. It is the plain and indisputable fact. Trade is as much the life-force of the world as blood is the life-force of the body. And the veins of trade are being severed everywhere, and everywhere the nations are being bled white as a consequence.

Take what is happening between France and Britain at this moment.

If there are two countries on earth which might be expected to wish each other well, those countries are France and Britain. They have fought a great war side by side, have no territorial rivalry, and may easily need each other's help in the future. Their mutual trade in the past has been of enormous value to both.

Eye for an eye

Yet they are now engaged in an economic war which will be ruinous to both. France has cut down our quota of imports so savagely that we have threatened to break off economic negotiations for a new treaty.

"If you won't take our pit-props and potatoes," says France, "we won't take your coal. If you cut our trade with you off here, we will cut your trade with us off there. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth."

It cannot be said that France is any more mad than we are. Indeed, on the face of it, we are the madder of the two.

We cut down our French imports from £41,000,000 in 1931 to £19,000,000 in 1932, while France only reduced British imports from £32,000,000 to £27,000,000. That is no reason why she should penalise us more than she penalises America and other countries, but it shows that all the folly is not on her side.

I take this illustration only to show how the mischief works. Coal-miners are idle in South Wales because the potato-growers of France have lost the market for their goods here. Trade is exchange, and if we refuse to buy, France refuses to buy, and so we commit economic suicide together.

Going back . .

The same thing is happening all over the earth.

While France is waging a war of quotas and tariffs with Britain on the one hand, she is also waging a war of quotas with Germany on the other. The nations are becoming like camps undergoing a siege.

Nothing is to be permitted to come in and nothing is to be permitted to go out. All the currents of intercourse are to be blocked, and trade, instead of flowing freely over the face of the globe, is to be dammed into stagnant pools without either inlet or outlet.

This is the prospect which Mr. Walter Elliot, the author of those precious Milk and Pig Boards, contemplated cheerfully in his rectorial speech at Aberdeen. He sees a world in which every nation will be a self-contained unit, buying nothing from anybody and selling nothing to anybody, except, of course, the raw materials which nobody can do without. We are not going back to the middle of last century. We are going back to the Middle Ages.

"Good-bye, England!"

I do not suppose that Mr. Elliot wants that. He thinks we cannot help that. He thinks that modern science and national aspirations must practically abolish world trade and make for national self-sufficiency. In this respect only he differs from Mr. De Valera, who not only believes that the isolation of trade is inevitable, but wants to isolate it.

The scheme which Mr. Lemass, his Minister for Commerce and Industries, has just launched bars out all trade competition.

The £80,000,000 of trade between England and Ireland is to be cancelled. English shoes, clothing and manufactures are to stop. Welsh coal is no longer to be used. Irish peat is to be substituted, and the home market is to be the exclusive monopoly of the home producer, no matter what the cost to the consumer.

The corollary is frankly faced. Ireland will cease to buy and, by the same token, she will cease to sell. Her cattle and horses, butter and pigs will no longer find a market on this side of St. George's Channel and will be kept for home consumption. England means nothing to the Irish farmer henceforth, says Mr. De Valera.

Short of Mr. Gandhi's dream of an India in which modern trade is abolished altogether and everybody is a self-contained unit of production and consumption, this is the high-water mark of economic exclusiveness. We shall see what happens to it

But though Mr. De Valera goes further than anyone else who chances to have the power to put his notions into operation, he represents the world trend at the moment. The figures of the slump in world trade are staggering.

Consider the broad facts. In 1913 world imports and exports (roughly balancing each other) amounted in value to £5,000 millions. In 1929 they amounted to £7,000 millions. In 1933 they had fallen to £2,000 millions.

In other words, world trade to-day is less than a third of what it was when the slump began three years ago, and less than half what it was in 1913.

World trade doomed?

In our own case, trade has fallen to 60 per cent. of what it was in 1913. The most seriously hit industry is that of cotton, which has declined to little more than a quarter of what it was in 1913.

Is this a permanent or a temporary phase? Is world trade a thing of the past doomed to perish, leaving each country to scratch a living on its own patch of earth?

If that were the case the whole structure of world society would be undermined. The highly industrialised countries with dense populations like our own would be shattered. It has been calculated that on such a basis this country could not maintain a population of more than twenty millions.

What would happen to public finance is apparent from what has happened already.

Three years of world trade depression have reduced even the richest country the world has ever seen, America, to the brink of bankruptcy. To-day every country, including our own, is bringing up its last reserves to stem the tide of unemployment. If the slump continues and worsens, if world trade cannot be revived, there is no escape from a final catastrophe to civilisation.

Sanity will prevail

But world trade will revive as certainly as Spring will return. It is reviving already, and would revive still faster if the politicians could be suppressed and the natural instincts of mankind were allowed free play

This is the worst slump there has ever been, but not the first nor will it be the last; but bad as it is, it will pass as others have passed.

The world will find its equilibrium again and the fertilising currents of trade will flow again. They would have begun to flow last year had not President Roosevelt, in a belated frenzy of nationalism, torpedoed the World Economic Conference.

This world may be the madhouse of the universe, but it is not permanently mad.

Sanity prevails in the end. When the debauch of crazy nationalism has run its course, the World Economic Conference will meet again. And this time it will not meet in vain. I venture to predict that it will set the wheels of world trade whirring as they have never whirred before.

Not from the B.B.C.—Dr. Alexander O'Neil, of Brooklyn College, on—

MIND *the* PAINT!

I'M no dryasdust Professor;
Though my learning is immense,
I am also the possessor
Of a keen æsthetic sense;
And I readily acknowledge
That acute distress is mine
When I see the girls in college
With their noses all ashine!

So I think it is my duty
To my pupils to impart
The arithmetic of beauty,
Viz., that Nature minus [−] Art
Is not practical nor prudent;
Whereas, multiplied [×] by paint,
It may make the dear girl student
Equal [=] something that she aint!

To these sums give due attention,
Being careful to subtract [−]
From your nose the glow I mention;
Powder, plus [+] a little tact,
Many [.00000] times a day repeated
Will do this, and then you may
(Since your "arts" course is completed)
Style yourself a full M.A.!

My broadcast address, in which I suggested that girls' schools and colleges should include cosmetic classes in the curriculum, has called forth criticism. But when I see the shining morning noses of girl students, I am not inclined to modify my views.

When make-up is banned in college it is too often applied—mostly in hideous smears—as soon as the girls get outside. Surely it would be saner to provide them with skilled instruction, so that they may repair the mistakes of Nature without transgressing the rules of Art?

These views are thought heterodox in the United States—where the annual bill for cosmetics is almost as large as was that for gin under Prohibition. But in England I have warm support.

Isis, the Oxford magazine, approves my doctrine of art for heart's sake, and has published an article pleading earnestly with women undergraduates to disguise their faces with powder and lipstick.

While I welcome the *Isis* as an ally, I must point out that what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose. If girl students decide to make themselves easier to look at, the men should do so also.

Shapeless bags and collars are an affront to one's æsthetic sense, no less than (in the case of females) colourless lips and nasal organs that are only too highly coloured.

In fact, Oxford's paintless hussies have carried the war into the enemy's camp by providing the Bag Boys with the reason (and rhyme) of why they refuse to "make up" either to or for them:

We should make ourselves attractive,
Say our critics, ever active,
But they never seem to grasp this
simple fact,
Which may bring things to a crisis:
By the bonnie banks of Isis
There is no one we are anxious to
attract!

When we see the Oxford he-men,
Each with swank enough for three men,
With their bags and jackets flapping in
the breeze,
We decide: "It would be silly
To attempt to paint the lily
For the benefit of connoisseurs like
these!"

We, in fact, prefer their hisses
To the prospect of their kisses,
Which would doubtless, like their
persiflage, be crude;
So we keep them at a distance,
With the valuable assistance
Of an elevated nose completely nude!

VAPEX
TRADE MARK
INHALANT

Breathing Passages Clear

Infection Overcome

Your Cold must disappear

WHILST the breathing passages are choked with mucus the respiratory system cannot function properly. If the infection is not dealt with, the real cause of the cold is left unattacked.

"Vapex" succeeds because it deals with both these problems at the same time.

The simple act of breathing the "Vapex" vapour from your handkerchief —

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Carries an active germicide into direct contact with the infected area. (Every cold is an infection and, therefore, dangerous.)

You can definitely feel the first part of the "Vapex" activity—the stuffiness and congestion are rapidly relieved, the head clears, breathing becomes easier. And all the time the germicidal vapour is fighting the hidden infection which is the real cause of the trouble.

Always keep "Vapex" in the house so that you can use it at the first sign of a cold—that "stuffiness" which means that the germs are multiplying. Delay is dangerous. Use "Vapex" and Breathe.

Of Chemists, 2/- and 3/-.

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and you'll jump out of bed feeling you could push a bus over

If you feel sour and sunk and the world looks punk, don't swallow a lot of salts, liquid paraffin, fizzy drinks, palatable laxatives or harsh purgatives, and expect them to make you suddenly sweet and buoyant and full of sunshine.

For they can't do it. They only move the bowels, and a mere movement doesn't get at the cause. The reason why you feel rotten is your liver. It should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily.

If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You have a thick, bad taste and your breath is foul, skin often breaks out in blemishes. Your head aches and you feel rotten. Your whole system is poisoned.

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Last night's Bourn-vita is helping her NOW!

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★ *Proof of the above is available to any doctor on request.*

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—writes Mrs. P. S.

"I find taken last thing at night, it helps to produce sleep, also taken in the early forenoon it acts as a tonic during the day . . ."—*writes Mrs. P. S. from Scotland.*

"I was recommended to try it by my doctor. I would never be without it now. I have tried several other malt-and-milk preparations but nothing seems quite like Bourn-vita . . . a cup before retiring is a perfect night-cap . . ."—*writes a housewife in Berkshire.*

Letters like this from all parts of the country pour into Cadbury's office by every post. They all say THANK YOU for refreshing sleep, for better health, and above all, *for new energy.*

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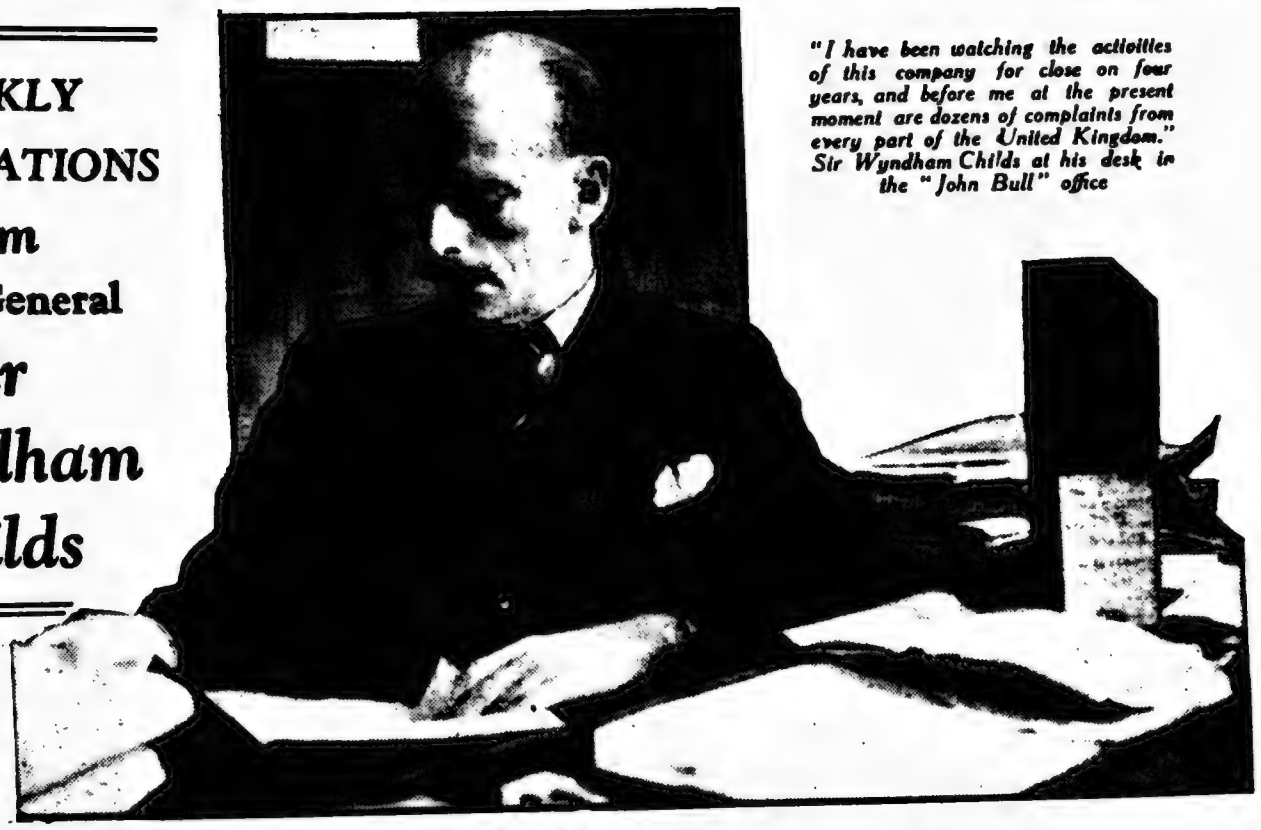
FOR SLEEP AND ENERGY

WEEKLY INFORMATIONS *from* Major-General *Sir Wyndham Childs*



"I have been watching the activities of this company for close on four years, and before me at the present moment are dozens of complaints from every part of the United Kingdom." Sir Wyndham Childs at his desk in the "John Bull" office

GRAVE WARNING to HOUSEWIVES

"I WANT to tell you before you say anything that these papers are going to the Director of Public Prosecutions."

These were the words used by his Honour Judge Richardson at Durham County Court, last week, when dealing with a case brought by the Tellus Super Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., Victoria Street, London, against a local lady.

During a hearing some days previously he had intimated that he was considering the advisability of taking this step in view of what he described as "this false affidavit and false attempt to snatch a judgment."

This interested me particularly, for I have been watching the activities of this company for close on four years.

The methods under which it obtains its orders are, in the cases which have been brought to my notice, based on trickery and deceit.

I disclosed them at length as long ago as November 21, 1931, but I did not, at the time, for good and sufficient reasons, name the company to which I referred.

I told how housewives, who had been induced to sign forms with no intention of giving an actual order, were being summoned in County Courts so far from their home that they could not possibly attend to give their version of the transaction.

Before me, at the present moment, are dozens of complaints from every part of the United Kingdom, which I have carefully summarised.

They are practically all of the same nature, and show that the traveller induced the complainant to accept a vacuum cleaner on a month's trial, merely requiring a "receipt" for the machine.

The awakening

In all such cases the results have been exactly the same. After a lapse of a few days the Tellus Company sends a letter acknowledging the receipt of the "esteemed order."

It is then, and not until then, that the unfortunate person realises that he or she has signed a "contract" to purchase the machine!

Protests are met by a type of letter which usually runs as follows:

"A definite contract to purchase has been signed which is legally binding and does not provide for the return of the machine. . .

"Our salesman has reported that there was never any question of misrepresentation. . . .

"In these circumstances, and in view of the signed agreement which we hold at this office, we do not see our way to doubt his word."

The sequel to all these cases has been threatening letters followed by a summons issued from the Westminster County Court.

In the recent case at Durham his Honour Judge Richardson drew special attention to the following fact:

"In order to bring the case against you where you could not possibly have afforded to attend," he observed, in sympathising with the victim, "there is a signed affidavit that you are the wife of a colliery official, and declaring that your husband is not, among other things, a miner. Your husband has always been a miner. . . ."

It is also significant that his Honour expressed the hope that the Press would report this and every similar case in which the Tellus Company is concerned.

"Objectionable"

I feel sure Judge Richardson will be interested to be made aware of the remarks of another learned judge—at St. Helens County Court, some while ago—in dealing with a case where two women admitted signing a "form," but declared that the forms were folded up.

They imagined they were signing solely for a month's approval, and had returned the cleaners within that time.

His Honour Judge Thomas, who heard the case, declared that it showed several objectionable features as practised by the plaintiff's company.

He was satisfied that both women had been trapped into signing the agreement under the impression that they were getting something on trial.

"The cases were first taken at Westminster County Court, no doubt in the hope that the firm would get judgment by default, a system which was extremely objectionable.

"The order was obtained by a statement inducing them to sign by misrepresentation and then proceedings were removed to Westminster Court."

His Honour gave judgment for the defendant with costs in each case, and also costs in regard to the transfer of the case from Westminster to St. Helens.

I can only state that, in the complaints from readers which have come before me, these same "objectionable features" are apparent, and frequently even worse trickery and fraud have been practised by the salesman concerned.

The contracts which many women have been induced to sign, in the absence of their husbands, provide that a first instalment of 10s. shall be paid.

Salesmen have repeatedly purported to pay the first instalment of 10s. themselves, assuring the dupe that the machine may be returned at any time within a month if not approved.

The results are always the same. The follow-up letter from the firm acknowledging the receipt of the "esteemed order."

Misrepresentation

Protests from the dupe bring the usual reply—"a definite contract has been signed. . . . Our salesman has reported that there was never any question of misrepresentation . . . we do not see our way to doubt his word."

I say at once that I have overwhelming evidence in my possession that lays the Tellus Super Vacuum Company open to the strongest possible criticism.

In some cases where a notice to produce books has been served the Tellus Company has abandoned the proceedings and allowed judgment for the defendant to be taken against it without even appearing at the court!

I was particularly interested in Judge Richardson's comments at Durham about the false affidavit which swore that the husband was a colliery official whereas he was a miner.

For I have before me, at the present moment, a false affidavit sworn by Maurice Eugen Lang, who describes himself as "Manager," in proceedings against a man who had been induced to purchase a vacuum cleaner on the assurance that it might be returned if the instalments could not be kept up.

The traveller had played the usual trick of pretending to pay the 10s. first instalment.

This affidavit swears the man to be a "gentleman," whereas, as a matter of fact, he is a labourer.

The directors

As a result of the false affidavit, judgment was secured against this unfortunate man at Westminster County Court in default of his appearance, and he was mulcted in the sum of £15 17s. 6d., being the balance of instalments due and costs.

But these are the last words of Judge Richardson: "I shall see that, in any case which comes before me from Westminster, in which the Tellus Company have received judgment, I shall make an order for instalments at 1d. per month."

I attach no blame to the registrar in such cases, as he cannot possibly ascertain the falsity, or otherwise, of an affidavit unless the defendant makes some defence or protest and discloses the nature of his occupation.

It is not possible to estimate the number of unfortunate people who are to-day paying, under an order of court, instalments on a vacuum cleaner which they never bought and never wanted.

Some, indeed, may be in prison or all I know. I have no knowledge of the amount of misery and deprivation which many people may be suffering by attempting to keep up instalments of, say, £1 a month.

But the blame for all this lies at the door of the Tellus Super Vacuum Cleaner Co., Ltd., whose directors, in addition to Richard Stewart, are: Svend Aage Dohm, Peder Anderson Fisker, Hans Valdemae Hansen and Ersk Johannes Falslev.

Prince of *Fee-Snatchers*

THE title of Prince of Fee-snatchers is richly merited by A. H. Gosling, sometimes known as "King," or "Nelson," whose latest venture has just been launched from 170, Finborough Road, London.

In the guise of "secretary" to an unregistered concern called the Royal British Films Company, Gosling has invited young girls in Newport, Monmouthshire, to join him for "crowd work" in connection with a film shortly to be produced in Wales.

According to him, neither training nor a preliminary interview is necessary, although there are prospects of work at a pound a day for some time to come. He boasts that all expenses are paid, and all meals provided by the "company."

* * *

In a personal letter, Gosling makes the gross mis-statement that under new regulations all film workers have to be registered at a cost of a guinea.

The company, he says, will pay this amount, providing that the employee will send 2s. 3d. for the "Official Stamp."

But enquiries we have made reveal that no such regulations exist, nor is there any such concern as the Royal British Films Company trading either in this country or in the colonies.

Yet, with astonishing audacity, Gosling encloses his private address with the request that all letters shall be sent to it, and thus come "straight to his hands."

* * *

He even holds forth hopes that girl applicants may, without interview, be considered for principal parts.

For years Gosling has operated fee-snatching schemes that have been chiefly remarkable for their variety.

Only a month or so ago he was running a venture called the London Commercial Employment Bureau, which he falsely claimed was licensed by the London County Council.

Any scheme sponsored by him should be resolutely shunned.

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START A BUSINESS of your own with the Machine that makes money! All ambitious people should read the advt. of D. A. Adana (see p. 3).

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Address: The Advert. Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

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WOOL SALE.—Better value than ever in rug and knitting. Send 1d. P.C. for samples.—Newcastle Wool Co., Ltd. (Dept. 71), Newcastle-on-T.

CHINA DIRECT.—Crates of Cups and Scrs., Plates, Jugs, Bowls, 12/6 to £1. 18-piece teasets, 2/7. Free gifts with £ orders. Big bargain catalogue free.—Direct Pottery, Burslem.

FREE! FREE!! FREE!!! A FINE Fountain Pen—and nothing to buy! Get yours and tell your friends to send to the advertiser who makes this generous offer on p. 3.

A WONDERFUL new covering for damp floors, etc. Looks like Tudor Tiles, 90 sq. ft. 15/-. Send for free samples and parties, to J. B. Andrews & Sons, Sutherland Sq., Walworth Rd., S.E.17.

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TAKE THIS HERB FOR YOUR CATARRH

I HAVE DISCOVERED A SIMPLE BUT WONDERFUL HERB WHICH FORMS PART OF MY PROVEN BALANCED TREATMENT FOR ALL FORMS OF DANGEROUS CATARRH.

Thousands are walking about with deadly catarrh and don't know it. Thousands are treating one "symptom" and imagine they are treating the "complaint." I will tell you where they are wrong with my new sample test. You can wash your nose with the best douche that was ever made—you can use worthless inhalers and medicaments and still be miles from treating the source of this dangerous disease.

Run through these symptoms—but don't fall into the error that any one of these is the complaint—they are only symptoms which manifest the urgent need of striking at this foul complaint directly at its source to clear it from the system.

Don't be under any illusion. Catarrh, with the complications that follow, is a very serious trouble. It is so tenacious that every day you leave it, it puts a stronger grip on your system that is more difficult to break.

Don't delay another minute, fill in coupon below and I will show you a simple and rational method of tackling this great problem once and for all. Never mind what you have tried or your previous disappointments, my plan is based on a "no relief no pay" principle, so that you have everything to gain and nothing to lose.

"I AM A NEW MAN"

"After years of suffering, I am sorry I did not hear of your wonderful Treatment before. I am a new man. I should like to meet you personally and shake you by the hand for your kindness. The Catarrh Treatment has done me more good than all the Doctor's medicines I ever had."

(Mr.) H. BRADBURY,
28, Campbell Drive, Herringthorpe, Rotherham.

First get my free sample test and free treatise which will outline my plan and show that my simple, logical and inexpensive home treatment attacks Catarrh where it starts and breeds. Give this dread disease marching orders, clear it right out of the system. Post coupon right away.

FREE TEST COUPON

To ANGUS SINCLAIR, J.B.3/2/34.
51/F, Avenue Chambers, Southampton Row, London, W.C.1.

Please send me free sample test with full directions and Treatise Booklet. I enclose 1½d. stamp to cover postage.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

PIN 1½d. STAMP HERE

SAMPLE FREE

YOU HAVE CATARRH IF . . . . . .

- NOSE IS BLOCKED.
- Mucus drops in your throat.
- You catch cold easily
- Your breath is foul.
- Your throat is sore.
- You are subject to Hay Fever.
- You have head noises.
- Your hearing is failing.
- You have loose cold.
- Memory is failing.
- You tire quickly.
- Tongue is coated.
- You have pains after eating.
- You are constipated.
- You Mouth-breathe.

— BEWARE !

CARNIVAL GOODS. Balloons, Hats, Novelties, etc. Dance organisers, send for free bargain list. —"Uneedus," 70/72, Arundel St., Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS from Mills from 2½d. roll. New designs. Patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, Manchester.

A1 NOVELTIES for Dances. Hats, Balloons, Mickey Mouse Novs., Mus. Inst., etc.—List J.B. 1470 free.—Dudley's, 451, Holloway Road, N.7.

BRITISH non-combine WALLPAPER from 2½d. Latest designs now ready.—Write for free book. Eclipse Wallpaper, Shield Rd., Newcastle-Tyne.

SLEEP ON FEATHERS. Do you know that a real Feather Pillow can be bought for 2/6? The Downland Bedding Co. will supply you. See their "Shop Window" advt. on p. 2.

A GLOVE BARGAIN you must not miss. Real leather Gauntlets (ladies' or gent's) for 3/11—one of the bargain ads. in the "Shop Window" on p. 3.

Y WEAR artificial silk hose when you can buy beautiful PURE SILK, British made, fully fashion hose at 3 prs. 5/10; 2 prs. 3/11. Sample pair, 2/-, all shades and black. Post 2d. Huge Stock must be cleared!—Manufacturers' Distributing Centre, Bolsover, Derbyshire.

THAT GARDEN SHED you want can be yours for a small amount down. See offer on p. 3.

BABY'S BEAUTIFUL LONG CLOTHES, 30/-. 75 home-made garments. Worth £5. Handsome Shawl, Robe, Day Gowns, Flannels, Terry Napkins, Vests, Barras, Warm Nighties, Wool Coats, etc., etc. Everything complete and ready to use. Purchasers state "That materials alone would cost them more." Expectant Mothers, send 2/- for parcel on appro. (Bal. cash or terms.)—Mrs. J. HOWARD, 66, DOVER RD., PORTSMOUTH.

THE AMBRON FREE-FORM CORSELETTE costs only 8/11, and may be tried on at home for 1/- deposit. Simply fill in the coupon in the advt. on p. 38.

WRITE for illustrated folder describing the new "Ewbank" Oak Table Rubber Wringer, as advertised on p. 27. Address: (Dept. W.30), Entwisle & Kenyon, Ltd., Accrington.

GARDENING.

DOBBIE'S 1934 CATALOGUE AND GARDENING GUIDE, 152 pages, 257 illustrations, free to all readers if this paper is mentioned.—Dobbie & Co., Ltd., King's Seedsmen, Edinburgh.

WIRELESS & MUSICAL.

PIANO-ACCORDIONS, BANJOS, GUITARS, OCARINAS. Wonderful 1934 catalogue, 44 pages, free.—Terms, OLLY OAKLEY & RAYMOND, J.B., 5, LAURENCE POUNTNEY HILL, E.C.4.

READERS' attention is drawn to the TELSEN RADIO advt., on p. 38.

MARKETING BY POST.

TEAS direct from the Blenders at Wholesale Prices, large or small quantities, loose or packeted. Agents wanted for packet teas. Samps. free.—Poulters, Dane Place, Bow, London, E.3.

TEA DIRECT, from 1/- lb. Loose or packeted, own name if required. Samps. free.—Victoria Tea Co., Ltd., 33, Chancery Lane, Ldn., W.C.1.

MEDICAL, CURATIVE.

WORMS CURED.—"Artico" Brand Worm Tablets are a Specialist's Positive Cure, by removing the cause. No fasting, dieting or interference with daily habits. Send 1/6 for Celerous Supply, or 1½d. stamp for details.—Rydard Tablet Co., 34-38, Codnor, Derby.

BLADDER WEAKNESS, Kidney Trouble cured by Parker's Fluid Remedy, 1/3, 3/-. Boots, etc, or Parker's Remedy, Ltd., Liverpool. Samps. 4d.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine Remedy, proved by testimonials. — Write, The Stanley Institute (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! The Brooks Rupture Appliance. New Discovery. Wonderful! No Limpy pads; no springs; durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd. (48.M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

SLEEP.—If you cannot—take a cup of "Allenburys" Diet before retiring. Send 3d. stamps for ½-lb. trial sample.—Allen & Hanburys, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 37, Lombard St., London, E.C.3.

FREE.—Fennings "Every Mother's Book" and "Everybody's Doctor." See pages 18 & 31.

CATARRH SUFFERERS are offered a free package of Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes on p. 37.

FREE to sufferers from painful piles. Send no money—only a p.c. for a supply of "Nemcin" Ointment. — Address (Dept. R.85), International Chemical Co., Ltd., Braydon Road, London, N.16. This offer appears in the advt. on p. 37.

IN THE LARGE ADVT. on this page ANGUS SINCLAIR offers a generous sample of a simple herb for the relief of colds and catarrh. Fill in the coupon, which will also bring a free booklet and full directions.

FREE.—48-page book on Asthma, Bronchitis and Catarrh. Every reader suffering from these distressing complaints should write for a copy of Dr. Hair's remarkable book. Simply address: Dr. Hair's Asthma Cure, Ltd., (Dept. 69), 104, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.

NERVE SUFFERERS will find much of interest in the Dr. Muller book which is offered free to readers in the advt. on p. 35.

SEND a p.c. for a FREE SAMPLE of "QUINCASCA" COLD CURE TABLETS. The address appears in the advt. on p. 29.

WANTED TO PURCHASE.

BEST PRICES paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Old Gold and Silver, Antiques, Dental Plates (not Vulcanite). Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. Bentley & Co., 65, New Bond St., London, W.1.

MISCELLANEOUS.

ANY kind old Gold, Silver, Jewellery, Sovereigns, Diamonds, Old False Teeth, etc., BOUGHT. Highest cash per return.—Bell's, Headrow, Leeds.

HOW TO DRESS WELL on 10s. or £1 per month. Open a Credit Account with SMARTWEAR. No deposit, no references required. Write for Advance Spring Catalogue, also Gentlemen's Catalogue, to Dept. W.G., SMARTWEAR, Ltd., 263-271, Regent St., London, W.1.

READERS who write to Dept. 8D, J. S. Fry & Sons Ltd., Somerdale, Bristol, will receive by return a free list of Gifts offered in connection with FRY'S MALTED MILK COCOA. Send for this Free Gift List now. A p.c. will do. The offer appears in the advt. on p. 24.

FREE illus. Booklet of Gifts in exchange for coupons from Rowntree's Cocoa.—Write, Dept. 5-ND, Rowntree & Co., Ltd., York. See p. 22.

DON'T OVERLOOK PAGE 23. The reasons given in the DU MAURIER CIGARETTE advt. are sufficiently convincing for readers to give this popular priced cigarette a trial. They are obtainable at most tobacconists. Turn now to p. 23.

USE BRITISH COAL.—Fill in the coupon on p. 27 for free copy of an interesting booklet entitled "How to Use Coal Wisely in Your Home."

Monstrous Outrage on a WIDOW

JAILED at 60 for OWING 26/-

WE raise our hands in horror at tales of medieval cruelty, yet in this year of grace 1934 we fling ailing old women of sixty into jail because they are too poor to pay their rates!

Does this stagger you? Do you find it incredible? Then listen to the story of Mrs. Rose Battley, of Lambeth, who has just emerged from Holloway Jail after a most callous and unmerited ordeal.

Mrs. Battley is sixty. She has experienced many misfortunes, and during the past few years poverty has dogged her footsteps. But there was never any stain upon her character until authority recently decided in its majesty to put the prison brand upon her.

Although Mrs. Battley had been struggling against adversity for a long period, she had managed to keep out of debt, with one exception.

Ten months ago, when she was living in two rooms with her son on an estate in Lower Kennington Lane, London, her rates fell into arrears.

Tracked down!

The amount due was barely twenty-six shillings, but as her son, her only means of support, was unemployed, the total income of the household was £1 3s. 3d. a week.

After eleven years as a tenant she had to admit that she could not find this trifling sum.

The rooms in which Mrs. Battley lived were rat-infested and the windows were boarded up. Eventually this building was demolished in the local slum clearance scheme and the site was cleared.

When this happened, Mrs. Battley and her son were then provided with accommodation at The Models, Albert Embankment, S.E.

She had been living at this address for over ten months, and during that period she had received no letters or other communications from the authorities concerning the old arrears of rates.

She settled down in her new home on the Albert Embankment and with the passing of the months, and the bitter struggle to keep the home going, she forgot all about the matter of the overdue rates.

Then, without warning, the authorities became active. Somebody had discovered that the old debt of 26s. odd had never been cleared.

A detective called on Mrs. Battley at her home and reminded her rather brusquely that a sum of money was outstanding against her for rates.

"At last we have found you," was his dramatic announcement.

"You can't have been looking very hard," replied Mrs. Battley with some spirit. "I have been living here ever since I was transferred from my previous address."

Detained . . .

The detective then became genial and suggested that she should go and see the Warrant Officer at Kennington Lane Police Station on the following day and explain her present circumstances.

Mrs. Battley agreed, confident that the police would appreciate her difficult position.

She greeted the officer on duty with a smile and explained the purpose of her call.

Then things happened with terrifying suddenness. *To that lone old woman's amazement, she was detained in the police station and was refused an opportunity to communicate with her son or her friends.*

"You are going to Holloway," said a uniformed officer of the law to Mrs. Battley, who was now not unnaturally trembling with agitation.

She had gone to the police station to explain matters and to plead for time in which to pay the disputed 26s.

To her astonishment and dismay she now realised that she was being held as a prisoner.

Tearfully she explained that she had left a "bit of dinner" on the fire, and must return home in time to get her boy's meal ready.

In her distress she begged for an opportunity to see her son. But all the entreaties and the tearful appeal of this trembling old lady fell on deaf ears.

To a woman who had done no crime the prospect of being rushed off to prison was appalling.

"At least, let me see a magistrate or someone to whom I can explain," she begged, but her appeal was without effect.

Then she realised that she was cut off from her son and her home, and without a word of warning was to be sent to prison.

"When the detective called the previous day, I had no idea that I had done anything to merit prison," said Mrs. Battley to a JOHN BULL representative.

"I agreed to go to Kennington Lane Police Station the following day to explain my difficulties. I little dreamed that they would hold me there and then send me to Holloway Prison.

"I thought that probably the outstanding rates had been cancelled, as the place to which they related had been condemned and demolished.

"It was a terrible shock when the police van came and I was taken away."

It requires no imagination to picture the plight of this hapless old lady, rushed to jail in such monstrous circumstances by a relentless officialdom.

And it is small wonder that she arrived at Holloway Prison on the verge of collapse. Such was her condition that she had at once to be admitted to the prison infirmary. And there she was kept until the time of her release a week later.

It is outrageous that the authorities should have dealt so harshly with Mrs. Battley, who, after all, was simply the victim of poverty. Since her release she has found an interested champion in Mr. George R. Strauss, prospective Labour candidate for her Division. But for the sake of other possible victims we feel that her experience cannot be too widely known.

Is this justice?

The paltry amount outstanding—26s.—was certainly not large enough to justify sending anyone to jail.

Mrs. Battley's week's imprisonment in Holloway has probably cost the authorities several times that amount for her maintenance and medical treatment.

And to extend such callous and brutal treatment to an aged and ailing woman is foreign to our conceptions of British justice.

"It was a terrible shock when the police van came and I was taken away"—Mrs. Battley and her son

The MAN *from the* WAR OFFICE

A NEW type of military swindler has sprung up in the person of a rogue who is touring the country in the name of Captain Robert Burton, R.E.

At Exeter he entered a big furnishing store and, producing a number of official-looking documents conspicuously franked O.H.M.S., announced that a unit of the Royal Engineers was shortly coming to the town, and that he had been sent down from the War Office in advance to arrange for the furnishing of the officers' mess.

For two hours he stayed in the store choosing furniture and other goods and then handed over a cheque, drawn on a Whitehall bank which was £39 19s. in excess of the amount the goods he had ordered.

Captain Burton seemed very pleased that he had kept so well under the cash limit the War Office had authorised, and received a cheque for the difference on the firm's local bank.

For three days this genial officer drove around Exeter, visiting shop after shop in turn. And, at each one, he did precisely the same thing!

At the address he gave for the delivery of the goods he was quite unknown, as also was the proposed establishment of an officers' mess.

A local draper, ironmonger, gunsmith, bookseller and wireless dealer are among his dupes, for all the cheques he passed came back marked "No account," while all those he received in exchange were promptly cashed by him.

That he has discovered a very profitable form of fraud is undoubted, for he has operated in this "War Office" guise in all parts of the country, and has established mythical officers' messes in Liverpool, Hull, Gloucester, Newport, Bath and Newbury!

SACKED WORKER VINDICATED

JUSTICE has at last been done to William Lane, of Christchurch, Hants, who was sacked without reason by the council after twenty-five years of faithful service.

This scandal was exposed in our issue for December 23, and within a month the Christchurch Town Council has decided to reinstate William Lane at a wage of £1 15s. a week.

Our heartiest congratulations to Lane! But our congratulations to the council are less warm-hearted.

We would remind readers that in October last the council had promised Lane "the first available job," which meant nothing in particular.

Then, according to Councillor A. E. Shave, who took part in a recent debate, Lane had to come before the Public Assistance Committee.

"I am a member of that committee," said Councillor Shave, "and it is not a pleasant experience to offer a man the alternative of living on 5s. a week or upon fresh air."

However, Lane was ultimately offered 12s. 6d. a week, for which he had to do "test work" of thirty hours weekly.

This means that the Christchurch Council, out of the kindness of its heart, was paying Lane at the princely rate of fivepence an hour!

Small wonder that one of the councillors said, "We are all worried to death."

No one will spare them much sympathy, although they have now, at long last, reinstated Lane.

HARD TIMES

LITTLE mothers . . . the world is full of them, and of little fathers, too. There are more of them than ever in these hard times.

Children themselves, they have the care of younger members of the family when mother is ill, or when the work of tending a big family falls too heavily on her.

Painstaking and self-sacrificing though they are, it is little wonder that at times they make mistakes.

A case in point comes from a Lincolnshire town, where a boy of twelve set about seeing his baby sister to bed.

After tucking her in and kissing her goodnight, he blew out the candle. And in a second she was asleep.

But, unknown to him, a spark from the wick had fallen on the sheets, and was growing and growing to the point when it would become a flame and endanger the life of his little sister.

A scream from upstairs told when this had happened. The family rushed up to find the bed ablaze.

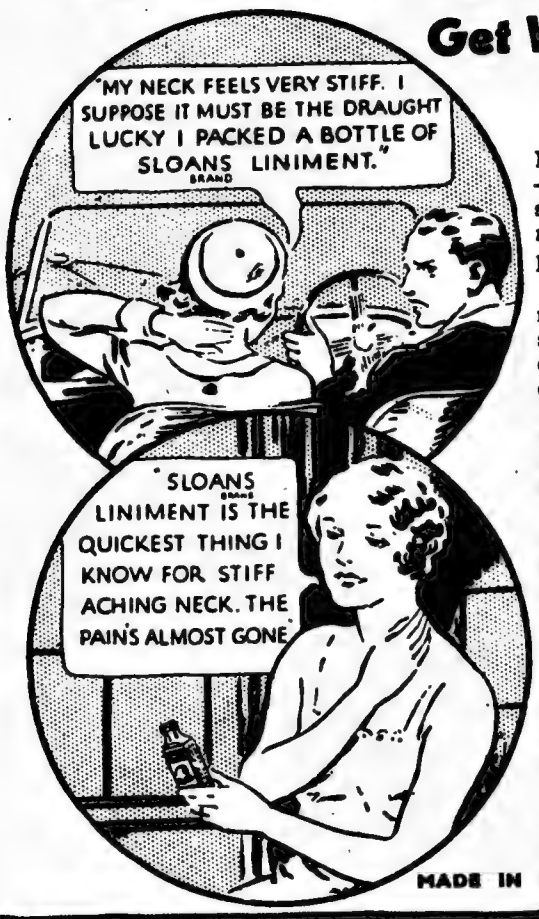
No need to tell how the little girl was saved uninjured. It is another story of a mother's heroism. But the contents of the room suffered badly, and the loss entailed was too great to contemplate.

Or so it seemed, for the moment. But the family had filled in such a form as is waiting on page 18 for you to sign, and application brought a JOHN BULL cheque that was a very ready help in time of trouble.

Have you signed? You owe it as much to those willing little folk as to your wife and yourself.

STIFF NECK

Get Welcome Relief This Way.


"MY NECK FEELS VERY STIFF. I SUPPOSE IT MUST BE THE DRAUGHT LUCKY I PACKED A BOTTLE OF SLOANS LINIMENT."
"SLOANS LINIMENT IS THE QUICKEST THING I KNOW FOR STIFF ACHING NECK. THE PAIN'S ALMOST GONE"

Apply a little Sloans Brand Liniment gently. No rubbing—it penetrates—drives out stiffness and aches. Welcome relief quickly follows and your pain dies away.

Millions of victims of rheumatism, lumbago, sciatica, sprains, bruises, aching muscles, stiffness, find relief and comfort with Sloans Brand Liniment. They keep it handy, ready for use at the first sign of pain. It often saves hours of agony.

Get a bottle to-day—see for yourself how valuable it is in the home. No rubbing—apply lightly—Sloans Brand Liniment penetrates — kills pain. For nearly 50 years Sloans Brand Liniment has been used in all parts of the world. To-day its reputation stands higher than ever. Clean and easy to use, does not stain the skin.

Now 1/9 per bottle at all Chemists and Stores. Most economical in use.

MADE IN ENGLAND

SLOANS BRAND Liniment NOW 1/9

Don't risk a cold use

PENETROL

INHALANT BRAND

AND STEER CLEAR OF IT!

Why suffer discomfort? Just a few drops of this sweet smelling, soothing, antiseptic germicide on your handkerchief and forget about colds and influenza. *Stop that Cold with Penetrol*

At all chemists—1/3 & 2/- Vest pocket or handbag size 6d

Sole Manufacturers: W. B. CARTWRIGHT LTD., RAWDON, LEEDS

No proprietary rights are claimed in method of manufacture or formula

Sells

FENNINGS'

For Children cutting their Teeth, Prevent Convulsions. Are Cooling & Soothing. Contain nothing injurious to a tender babe.

Sold in Stamped Boxes 1/3 & 3/- Also 1d. each or 2 for 1½d.

CHILDREN'S

ARE YOU WORRIED ABOUT YOUR CHILDREN'S HEALTH?

Fennings' "Every Mother's Book" will give the advice you require. Ask your Chemist for a free copy or send to:-

ALFRED FENNINGS, COWES, I.W.

POWDERS

PLACE YOUR BURDENS ON THESE SHOULDERS

"LITTLE did I think when I first took 'John Bull' that it was going to shoulder such burdens for me." Here is a cry of relief from a Nuneaton reader which will find a responsive echo in the hearts of all who have proved the practical value of "John Bull's" Great Free Family Insurance Gift.

Our reader was stricken with measles. How this common ailment adds many "extras" to the weekly budget is but too well known. No wonder that a "John Bull" cheque is always so welcome during the anxious time when expenses for medicines, extra fires to make the patient comfortable, little delicacies to speed convalescence and, of course, the doctor's fees, are mounting daily. When someone as reliable as "John Bull" "shoulders such burdens," the practical help given is a real godsend.

THE ONLY PAPER.

During 1933 *alone*, "John Bull" paid many hundreds of cheques on account of Sickness Benefits (measles, diphtheria, smallpox, etc.). In spite of medical research, these ailments are all too frequent. "John Bull" is the *only* paper to pay sickness benefits—the *only* paper to safeguard you against damage by Fire, Storm and Flood.

Sign the Registration Forms below now to be sure of "John Bull's" unique protection.

CUT HERE

JOHN BULL

Hand this Coupon to your Newsagent

To (Name of Newsagent).....

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

..... Date.....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 3/2/34

CUT HERE

Post this Coupon to

"John Bull" Registration Department, 122, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

I have sent an Order Form to my Newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

.....

Reader's Signature.

Age.....

Address .....

.....

.....

Name and Address of Newsagent.

.....

..... Date.....

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

J.B. 3/2/34

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER!

Cash the Coupons

JOHN BULL PEN COUPON. VALUE 3D

This coupon with P.O. for 2/9 plus 3d. postage and insurance entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with **14 carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, guaranteed 2 years.** Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 3d. off the price. **You may send five coupons and P.O. for 1/9** plus 3d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium or broad nib. Pocket clip 3d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 27a Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

BOGUS BARONET of ROTTEN ROW

ROTTEN ROW, that fashionable riding centre of Hyde Park, which is famous throughout the world as the parade-ground of aristocratic riders, provides a romantic background for some of the operations of an impudent adventurer, whose imagination and guile are almost limitless.

The rogue in question, who poses as a titled man, and as the heir to a peerage, sometimes talks so volubly of his equestrian feats there that his unsuspecting listeners might well be forgiven for believing that he is descended from some of the earlier noblemen who rode in the Row in the days when it was used solely by people of royal blood.

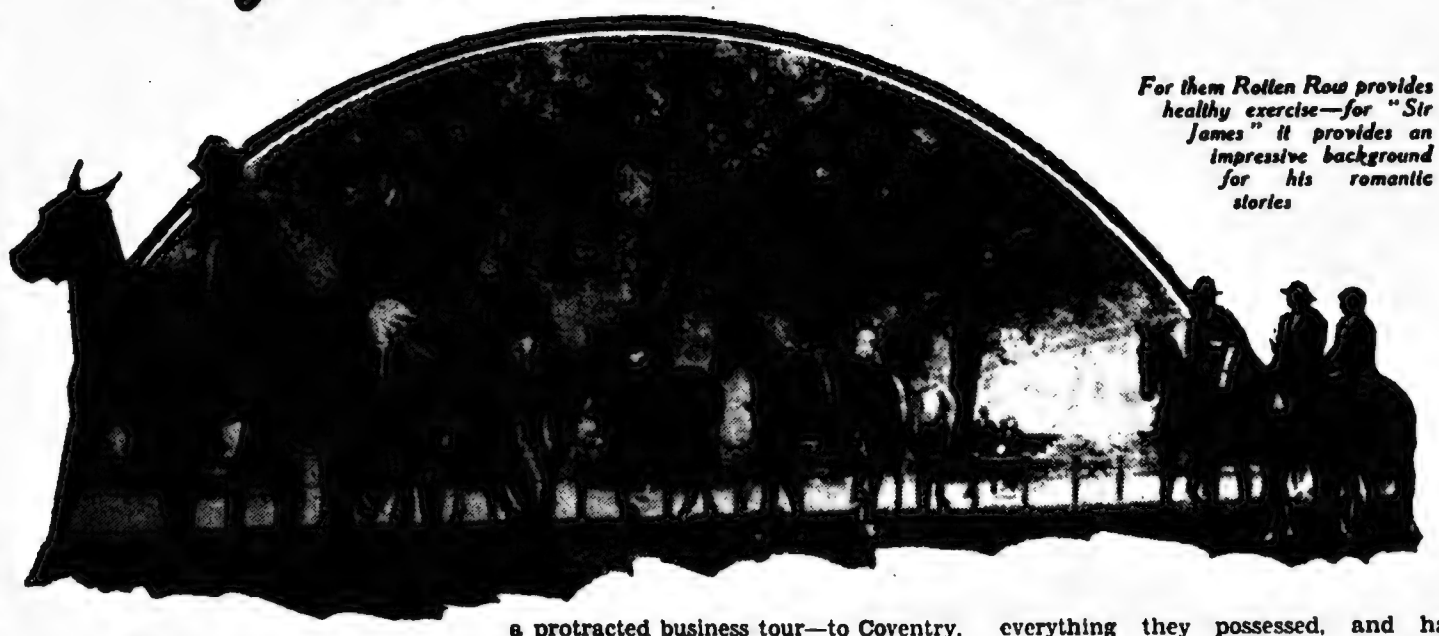
Tall and of soldierly bearing, and with an aquiline nose and piercing eyes, this self-styled blue-blooded member of the aristocracy goes about calling himself "Sir James R. Ellis, Bt."

He is always dressed in the height of fashion and is often to be seen driving a large saloon car.

His morning canter in Rotten Row forms only part of his showmanship, and, seemingly well provided with funds, he regales his victims with the most impressive details of the luxurious suite of rooms he maintains at Grosvenor House, Park Lane, London, and in which he entertains lavishly to kill the monotony of his leisured existence.

Actually, "Sir James R. Ellis, Bt.," is a resourceful adventurer, who acts the various parts he plays so well that he rarely creates even a breath of suspicion about himself until he has achieved his purpose and made his "getaway."

Driving up to a retail establishment in the West End of London the other day he handed in a gilt-edged visiting-card, which described him as "Sir James R. Ellis, Bt.," and which contained the Park Lane address and another.



For them Rotten Row provides healthy exercise—for "Sir James" it provides an impressive background for his romantic stories

From Park Lane

"Sir James," apparently, wanted to make, among other things, a choice present to a lady acquaintance, and, after a somewhat fastidious selection, he chose several expensive articles.

Just before he left with the goods to go to his car he airily mentioned that, in order to get away from the social whirl he had to endure at his Park Lane residence, he had taken a flat in Highgate, London N., and would be obliged if his account and any literature or suggestions concerning his future patronage might be addressed to him there.

And, as a final stroke, he even managed to cash a personal cheque!

Subsequent enquiries revealed that he was unknown at Grosvenor House, and that his entire story was false.

A visit to Scotland Yard provided the illuminating information that, far from being a baronet, "Sir James" was one of the most successful and prominent members of "The Rogues' Gallery"!

The above exploit, which he has repeated in all parts, pales into insignificance in comparison with some of the spectacular coups which are recorded against him.

"Sir James" has always fancied himself to be a good actor, with an excellent film face, and some little time ago he made the acquaintance of several moneyed people at a well-known hotel, where he condescendingly registered himself as just plain "Robert Ellis."

His good looks, buoyant air and breezy manner soon won him the esteem of many of the hotel guests, who believed his claim to be the son of a famous titled man.

He had been engaged, he said, to play a part in a film that was shortly to be put into production in which a great deal of expert horsemanship was essential. How *he* would score!

Needless to say, the film was never made, and the only interior of a studio "Sir James" ever saw was one he visited without invitation.

But by the time his various hotel acquaintances discovered that he was an impostor he had obtained from them varying sums of money that were to be repaid the moment his solicitor "disgorged" the overdue allowances from his "people's" estate!

Among the host of complaints against him many have come from women whom he has left disillusioned and ruined.

And his exploits in this direction have earned him the nickname of "The False Lover."

One of his worst victims is a young woman whom he met—quite casually—outside Buckingham Palace.

She was anxious to see the Guards on parade, and, a little strange to her surroundings, asked "Sir James"—who was studying the sculptural beauty of the Victoria Memorial—if he would be kind enough to direct her to Birdcage Walk.

Observing—as he always does whenever the occasion arises—that here was another potential dupe, he politely offered to pilot her to the barrack gates.

She accepted—and that was the beginning of an acquaintance which she was destined to rue for the rest of her life.

After this first romantic meeting he induced her to meet him again, and, as time went on, he told her all about himself, his family, and his alleged possessions and wealth.

He said that he was the head of a firm of civil engineers, and that his onerous duties took him regularly to Liverpool, Manchester, Glasgow, Paris and New York.

Marriage proposal

He was, he confided, when he considered it "safe to trust her," no other than Mr. James Robert Ellis, B.Sc. (London), C.E., M.I.C.E., M.I.M.E. Doubtless she had read of him in the newspapers, though it was unlikely that she could have read his articles in the technical journals!

By tactics of this despicable kind he swept the girl off her feet within the first few days of their meeting.

Then he proposed marriage to her—but not until he had discovered that she had some private savings, a nice collection of jewellery and other possessions that could be readily turned to account in an emergency.

When the girl had accepted him he met her one day with a most sorrowful expression. He had got to go away on a protracted business tour—to Coventry, Lincoln, Newcastle, Liverpool and, perhaps, America.

It was a vitally important tour, and meant thousands of pounds to him and his business.

Arrangements had to be made so quickly that he had only just managed to snatch enough time to rush to say good-bye before catching the midnight train.

When taking his hasty but affectionate farewell he suddenly recalled that, in the rush, he had come away with scarcely any money!

Then, with an air of feigned confidence, he told her that his business expenses were governed by his bankers in New York and that he would have to cable for additional funds for this unexpected tour.

"I happen, too," he said, "to be short personally just now . . . that is always the way!"

He borrowed £20 from her. That was the start of the real deception—the first betrayal of the cad she by this time trusted and loved.

His love letters

The letters he sent her, after his tour had begun, were monuments of tenderness. Phrases like "My Darling," "My Dearest," "My Own Sweetheart" were in almost every line, and he always drew pyramids of kisses

But they were love-veiled requests for further sums of money, which she sent to save him—as he wrote on one occasion—from having to make a trans-Atlantic telephone call "to my firm to pay my commitments. . . ."

So, on several further occasions, sums of money changed hands, and all the while the trusting woman looked forward to marrying this great engineer, the scion of a famous family.

Even when his "emergency" tour had ended the raid upon her savings continued. And, when he knew that she had no money left, he turned his eagle eyes to her little store of jewellery.

He told her that he had a friend in a leading jewel store who would, "as a friend," let him have a costly diamond engagement ring at reduced price provided the purchase was made as "quietly" as possible.

And, in order to get the right size, he asked her to lend him her diamond ring to take with him to his friend.

Trustingly she did so. That was the last she saw of him!

The despicable tricks he has played upon women are endless.

He has ransacked the apartments of lady friends in their absence and taken everything they possessed, and has taken money from others for mythical employment as housekeepers at flats he has never tenanted.

An index to his base character is revealed in a case where he advertised for a cultured young housekeeper to watch his interests.

After interviewing a young widow, and finding that she had slender means, he "engaged" her and, arranging the date of her arrival, intercepted her luggage and stole everything!

His real name is Robert James Lubinski, and in aliases which include "James Hulme," "James Ellis," and "James Ewing," he has plundered countless dupes with plausible stories of the type that are rarely encountered outside the pages of fiction.

The Book of the World!

"BY turning the pages of this amazing book you can learn more of our wonderful world in half an hour than could be learned in years in any other way" . . . that in a sentence, describes the marvellous new £1 1s. work—the sensational Presentation "The Story of the World in Pictures"—which JOHN BULL last week announced to its readers.

This week, in order that no reader should miss this most enthralling pen and camera story of the world as it is to-day JOHN BULL provides, on pages 4 and 5, one further opportunity which should be accepted without delay.

Have you yet reserved your copy of "The Story of the World in Pictures"? If not, act quickly while there is still time. If you have already sent in your application then think what a good turn you would do a friend or neighbour by drawing attention to the announcement in this issue.

This entirely new work is the most amazing book ever published. In it is an unrivalled collection of over 1,000 astounding photographs, each accompanied by a vivid descriptive story. The book itself is the finest volume ever produced by JOHN BULL. It is printed in rich photogravure on special ivory finish esparto paper.

Don't miss your copy! The huge first edition of this work, which is being produced exclusively by JOHN BULL at a cost of over £35,000, is rapidly being reserved.

Remember JOHN BULL has made it easier than ever for you to qualify by offering this guinea work practically as a Gift on the absolutely unheard-of Presentation concession of 1s. only plus 1s. for carriage, packing insurance, etc.

Turn to pages 4 and 5 now—send in your Reservation Forms to-day, or if you have already applied pass them on to a friend.

The MAN who SCARBO

Thousands know the pleasant side of Scarborough—but there is an ugly sid , too

GRAFT:

"John Bull's" Nation-Wide Exposure

IS GREAT BRITAIN, far more than is generally suspected, in the grip of graft?

Is municipal life being contaminated by various forms of corruption in a way that suggests American racketeering?

These questions are not our questions. They are formulated in letters which have reached us over a long period from readers in all parts of the country.

The astonishing results of the special investigations made by "John Bull" form the basis of the exclusive series of articles of which this is the second.

Next week we shall show how one of the most famous towns in the country has been under the shadow of a municipal scandal for nearly two years.

by Our Special Investigator

WHEN, quite early in my extensive tour of investigation of municipal scandals, I found myself in Scarborough, that Queen of North Country resorts, I could hardly believe that such a thriving and popular centre could be associated with anything suggestive of graft and corruption.

Yet, letters which had reached JOHN BULL intimated quite clearly that inquiry in this unsuspected quarter would yield evidence of one of the most amazing municipal scandals of recent times—one involving no less a personality than Mr. Alderman Thomas Whitehead, whose record of public service was unique.

Until recently, indeed, Mr. Whitehead had been regarded as an honoured and trusted public servant and was considered almost an integral part of Scarborough itself.

Throughout his long years of service with the borough he had held almost every possible high office. He had been a devoted worker for charity, and his name had actually headed many big appeals.

Scarcely a function of importance took place without his being present. His splendid record dated back to the war years, and he had, in fact, been member of the Scarborough Council at the time of the great German bombardment, in which so much damage was done to property and so many innocent lives were lost.

His rise

In that hour of emergency Mr. Whitehead had been one of the first officials to arrive upon the scene and had taken some of the injured to hospital in a car.

After the war he played an active part in the development of Scarborough. On every side he was shown the highest esteem.

He had, as they say, "grown up with the town."

He has lived and worked in Scarborough all his life; and, having regard to the influential position he attained in more recent years, it is a great credit to him that he actually started his commercial life as a programme boy at the old Scarborough Aquarium.

It is only necessary here to mention one or two of the high posts he has occupied to give some idea of the importance and dignity of his status as a public servant.

He rose to be the chairman of the Scarborough Harbour Commissioners, and was, for his public work, made a commissioner of that body for life.

He became chairman of the Finance Committee of the Scarborough Harbour Commission.

For years he has been an alderman of the Scarborough Corporation and time and again has voiced his views fearlessly, with the town's approbation, on matters of burning public interest.

Fall from grace

He has acted as chairman of many of the Corporation's most important committees and sub-committees entrusted to probe all kinds of urgent civic affairs.

One of the most urgent public offices held by him has been the chairmanship of the Property and Improvements Committee of the Scarborough Corporation, which governs the spending powers of the Corporation—a position calling for the highest municipal wisdom and knowledge.

In some of these rôles he had often to make great decisions, and the fact that Scarborough is a very "go-ahead" town is in no small measure due to Alderman Whitehead's exceptional foresight and endeavour.

Yet to-day he is fallen from grace. Where once he was hailed and applauded on every hand, he is now shunned.

Behind his fall lies one of the most dramatic stories of municipal mismanagement and abuse of office I have ever encountered.

The fisheries, which form such an important part of Scarborough's industrial life, were ever his chief business interest, and no man has done more to improve the harbour there than Mr. Whitehead.

In fact, only just before the scandal which brought about his downfall he was engaged in considering plans specially drawn up under his guidance for reconstruction schemes.

In addition to acting as supreme adviser for the Scarborough Harbour Commission, his private business enterprises were likewise wrapped up in the fisheries; and thereby hangs this tale.

It is, perhaps, unfortunate for Alderman Whitehead that, with all the numerous claims his high public appointments made upon his time, he was actively associated with a number of limited liability companies. Some of these, it is significant to note, were engaged in the shipping and fishing industries.

Though the scandal I now propose to disclose differs in character from that dealt with last week in connection with the Isle of Ely, it affords a grave warning regarding the shameful disregard of duty in the use of public money.

Immense power

Scarborough's part of the fishing industry of Great Britain needs no amplification here. Into its harbour come great vessels from all parts of the world; the dues it collects from fishing and shipping are naturally of great importance to the interests of the town.

Obviously, then, when Alderman Thomas Whitehead filled the post of chairman to the Scarborough Harbour Commissioners he wielded immense power and carried great responsibilities upon his shoulders.

His advice as life commissioner of the Harbour Board, as chairman of the Finance Committee, and as chairman of its sub-committees was always valued.

Holding all these important public administrative posts, he should have known, better than anyone, that it was incumbent upon him as a public servant to see that all dues were promptly collected and accounted for.

Yet, the sorry fact remains that, in spite of his long reign of power, he latterly failed lamentably in his duty, as the following startling facts will show.

Light was first thrown upon this shameful state of affairs when it was discovered that a firm of shippers known as J. Sellers and Son, Ltd., with headquarters in Scarborough and branches elsewhere, owed the Scarborough Harbour Commissioners considerable sums of money.

Often when the Finance Committee, of which Alderman Thomas Whitehead was then the chairman, met to discuss local problems the debts due from the firm of J. Sellers and Son, Ltd., were shown in the

ho Betrayed BOROUGH

Alderman Thomas Whitehead (left) photographed when the battleships came to Scarborough

accounts in a collective list of recoverable debts.

At that time J. Sellers and Son, Ltd., was in a very serious financial position indeed, and owed money to a number of creditors.

Auditor's discovery

Then, one day, a grave statement was made to the Harbour Commissioners.

It came from the auditor of J. Sellers and Son, Ltd., who also happened to be the auditor for the Scarborough Harbour Commissioners.

He explained that he had made the astounding discovery that J. Sellers and Son, Ltd., which rented certain premises belonging to the Harbour Commissioners, owed considerable arrears of rent.

The auditor added that investigations made by him showed that the firm had paid no rent whatever for six years!

But the situation was very much more involved than this. The firm of J. Sellers and Son, Ltd., among its various activities acted as official auctioneer to the Harbour Commissioners.

In this capacity it was its duty to sell the fish it was interested in as a firm and to hand over the appropriate harbour dues to the Commissioners.

One-man company

The auditor further reported that for two or three years the firm had been indebted to the Scarborough Harbour Commissioners in respect of certain harbour dues which it had collected on their behalf.

The sum involved was considerable, and this scandal is in itself disquieting enough, but still more astonishing revelations are apparent when I come to examine the composition of the firm of J. Sellers and Son, Ltd.

It is a one-man company of very slender financial resources, and its sole director throughout the period of these grave irregularities was none other than Alderman Thomas Whitehead, chairman of the Scarborough Harbour Commissioners; chairman of the Finance Committee and all its sub-committees; and chairman of many other important bodies dealing with Corporation affairs!

A man of outstanding personality and, as we have shown, backed by the full confidence of nearly everyone in the borough, he was able to dictate the policy of the Harbour Commissioners Board from the moment of his first election as its chairman.

Monstrous position

Here, then, you have an official who is supposed to collect moneys on behalf of a public body of which he is the chairman acting as supreme director of a private enterprise that is withholding harbour dues over a long period.

Could a more monstrous position be imagined?

Naturally he could not plead ignorance of what was happening. On the one hand he was the head of the firm which owed the money—on the other he presided over the public body whose duty it was to collect it.

When the auditor discovered what was happening he at once urged upon Alderman Whitehead that the proper course was to allow him to report the matter officially and point out that the debts had previously been shown as "good" in error.

But even that course was Gilbertian, for was not Alderman Whitehead chairman of the Finance Committee, to whom the auditor made his grave report? True, the alderman retired as gracefully as he could from the council chamber while this delicate problem was under discussion, but that was the least he could do.

The next step in this thoroughly reprehensible business was that the concern of J. Sellers and Son, Ltd., was placed in voluntary liquidation—and by Alderman Whitehead himself!

By this time, the other members of the Harbour Commission began to realise how grave and far-reaching were the various issues raised, and, despite the past services of their chairman, they flatly refused to allow his liability to be wiped out as a "bad debt," which was how it *now* appeared in the new accounts.

When Alderman Whitehead was called upon to offer an explanation for his conduct in misusing his public office in the astonishing manner I have described, he made a statement of the most astounding character.

Forgiven!

He said that for some time he had been in grave financial difficulties, and that certain of his brother commissioners on the Harbour Board had agreed to *forgive* him the debts and dues that were owed as a kind of remuneration for his services!

A staggering statement surely?

Did not the alderman realise that he was dealing with public money?

Did not those Harbour Commissioners, who, according to him, so generously wished to overlook his debts, likewise know that the money concerned represented funds over which they had been placed in the position of trustees by Act of Parliament?

I am pleased to say that Alderman Whitehead's attempt to seek an easy way out by putting his company into voluntary liquidation was not successful.

The authorities stepped in and compulsory liquidation was ordered by Judge Beazley, who declared that the facts disclosed had shocked him intensely.

"It is the most astounding way of dealing with public money I have ever heard of," was his Lordship's scathing comment.

But why should such a state of affairs as I have revealed here be tolerated?

This now disastrous company, the recent affairs of which reveal Alderman Whitehead in such an unfavourable light, was once one of the biggest firms of fish salesmen in the vicinity, owning its own fleet of vessels.

There is something savouring of tragedy in the passing of the old fishing firm of J. Sellers and Son, Ltd. For Alderman Whitehead started, years ago, with the company as a mere clerk.

In the end the company was, as we have shown, practically himself!

Friends saved him

Certain of his closest friends have seen his fall coming for a long time.

Some saved him from bankruptcy, indeed, once when he figured in a remarkable transaction over a steam trawler he jointly owned with others.

The alderman gave instructions for the vessel to be sold—as it had under his management lost money—and his action led to considerable disagreement with certain of his colleagues.

In the end the other people involved had to sue him for their share of the proceeds of the sale, and bankruptcy proceedings faced the alderman until friends came to the rescue and raised several hundreds of pounds on his behalf to save him from the possibility of his public life being ended.

One comment

Courage, even now, has not deserted him, and he is still angling for municipal office.

Meanwhile, the critics of Scarborough are asking themselves how it was possible for such a scandalous maladministration of public funds to go on for so long without any inkling of it coming to light.

Certainly there can be only one comment where such reprehensible conduct is concerned.

That is that Alderman Whitehead, as chairman of a statutory body set up under the provisions of an Act of Parliament, grossly betrayed the trust which was reposed in him by the citizens of Scarborough.

FOR DOCTORS ONLY

Internal danger from strong acids

Too much acid in the stomach in perhaps nine cases out of ten is the direct cause of digestive trouble, with all its consequences.

Certain of the common everyday beverages start an excessive flow of hydrochloric acid in the stomach which does serious harm to the whole digestive process.

Rowntree's Cocoa, it has been proved by scientists in a leading London hospital, actually prevents this danger of acidity in the stomach. It helps the digestion of food eaten with it so that you get more *good* — extra nourishment — from all your meals.

MY YOUNGEST STARTED PICKING UP AS SOON AS I CHANGED HIM TO ROWNTREE'S

"AHEAD OF ALL THE OTHER BOYS NOW"

"My youngest was delicate," says Mrs. Symington, 25 Kennet Road, Paddington, London, W.9 . . . *" and 'feeding up' didn't seem to help him. Then one day a friend asked me — 'what does he* drink *— have you tried him with Rowntree's Cocoa?' He started picking up right away and he's ahead of all the other boys at games now."*

EXTRA NOURISHMENT FOR YOU

Rowntree's Cocoa is so digestible that it actually helps you to digest your other food better — to get more *good* from every meal you eat along with it. That's why you get *extra* nourishment from this cocoa. No wonder children thrive on it! And it's so economical — you only need half a teaspoonful to make a delicious cupful.

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Held Captive by a Woman Bandit

No lovely Trojan, but a sloe-eyed she-beast, excessively fat

CAPTURED by Chinese bandits! It sounds the most exciting thing that could possibly happen to anyone. Perhaps it is, but real life is sometimes apt—to my mind—to fall rather short of fiction. Yet I suppose many people would give their ears to have experienced my thrill. The giving of my ears was, in fact, a price I very nearly paid.

But I am resolved in this story to give the truth as realistically as I can reproduce it, and readers may judge for themselves.

It happened in that very district where Mrs. Pawley, the eighteen-year-old English girl, and Charles Corkran were carried off from a racecourse, and where three British officers were captured and imprisoned more recently, but for some reason I escaped getting my name in the papers.

By way of introduction I should now mention that the bandit trade of Manchuria and all the wilds of the North is better organised and arranged than many English people realise.

It is a vast trade union, with rules of its own, with a training system, oaths of allegiance and a fiery ordeal of an ancient ritual to be undertaken by would-be apprentices.

I REMEMBER a time when banditry so increased in the neighbourhood of Newchwang that it was decided to abandon a forthcoming race meeting. No sooner was the fact announced than a bandit leader promptly sent a message to the authorities, promising to call off all his work for a week providing the meeting was held, as he intended to be present and to bet on the races!

And, among other queer antics in these parts, the bandits have set up a racketeer system, by means of which travellers and others can secure a safe conduct pass. These toll cards may be bought from the local bandit agent in any town; they are always respected, and it was because of a slight flaw in my pass—some final stamp or signature lacking—that I was captured.

I am a commercial traveller, and circumstances forced me to journey by car away from the Mukden railway line towards Ike Paishan.

After two days' going across those marshy wastes, my companion, John Spring, and I sighted a band of men riding to the north. In less time than it takes to tell, they had caught up with our slithering, jogging old bus, and we were surrounded by a mob of yelling ruffians, clad in nondescript garments that might have come out of the trunks of an old pantomime company, and brandishing a wide variety of knives and guns.

Cheerfully I produced my pass-card and disappointedly they examined it, until their faces cleared and brightened as they realised something was missing.

The fact that we possessed a card, no matter how incomplete, was sufficient to prevent them from slitting our throats then and there. But there was no other course open to us than to leave the car, as they commanded, and to suffer ourselves to be taken to their camp, where, as we could plainly see, their chief would decide our fate.

It was a ghastly journey over the soggy ground towards the hills some fifteen miles distant, and our misery was increased by a dreary rainstorm that drenched us to the skin, setting us shivering until our teeth chattered.

In being perfectly candid, too, I may as well confess to sharing with John no slight feelings of trepidation, for it is notorious that all bandits can murder more decisively than they can make a promise.

Judge our surprise, therefore, when, after walking for seemingly endless hours, we reached the bandit encampment, which was little more than a mud enclosure of huts and stables, tents, men and horses, and, on being led into the holy of holies, discovered the bandit chief to be a woman.

She was not, I hasten to add, a beautiful woman. This was no lovely Trojan or Ayesha, but merely a sloe-eyed she-beast, excessively fat and dirtily clad, who lounged on a greasy couch and examined us through sullen eyes.

But a woman, we both felt, even a woman in her walk of life, would be more easily intimidated than a man. Accordingly, we explained away our incomplete card with complacency. We explained that Britain had odd ways of dealing with folk who molested her subjects. We declared that we were poor men, owning few goods and worth little ransom.

SHE said not a word as we delivered ourselves of all this in our most polite Chinese, but gazed back at us implacably. Then, "Take them away!" she growled, and the stalwarts behind us bundled us through the flapping tent curtains, through a jostling herd of Mongolian ponies, and finally flung us down in a shadowy hut, banging and bolting the door upon us with a curse.

"Yes," said John, as he gingerly scratched himself, "what happens next?"

That question was undoubtedly difficult to answer. Through that day and through another and through a third we languished, seeing nothing—though smelling a good deal—and only knowing that the door was opened from time to time, when bowls of sloppy food were delivered.

Surprisingly, we were not forced to write a letter, explaining our plight to our friends and requesting the delivery of a large sum of money. Nor were there any threats of boiling oil. . . .

It may seem surprising, too, that we did not attempt to relieve the monotony by trying to escape. But an entire fortnight passed before any decision in this regard was made, and then we came to the conclusion that we might be there for life unless we dug under the wall of our hut and made a dash for liberty.

It was as simple as that. No guard outside to hear us at work; no terrifying ruffians staring through a lattice from time to time; and, since we had

(Continued on page 24)

"John Bull" Readers' Stories 70

"Look at your fingers"

and think of your throat

THE FILTER TIP
—exclusive to du Maurier Cigarettes

It is not nicotine that stains your fingers. It is not nicotine that makes you cough. Nicotine is colourless, volatile and smooth. **Tobacco tar is the offender—hot, dark brown, acrid and irritant.**

The filter tip is so constructed that it traps this acrid substance. All the pleasure and charm of smoking it freely allows to pass. Yet the only part of the cigarette replaced by the filter tip, is the end you throw away.

Tobacco tar! The cause of the stain and the cause of the cough. Discolouration and irritation both result from this semi-solid substance. *And it forms whenever tobacco leaf is burned* . . . The filter tip of a du Maurier traps tobacco tar —traps the cause of the dryness, hoarseness and catarrh— reveals the flavour of rare Virginia unblemished and complete. A smoke that is richer for being purer. Cooler, smoother and better for being clean. You taste a pleasure unimpaired. *Enjoyment kept entire!*

du MAURIER

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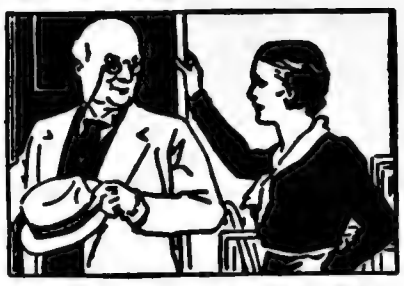
I used to be too tired for dancing

or going out to parties



until Doctor suggested the 4 foods in 1

I've had a cup every night ever since

All the men I know say I'm a different girl

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(Continued from page 22)

The LADY of the MOUNTAINS

In the "bandit country" of China

not heard its arrival in the encampment, it was even possible that our car waited for us a few miles away unless it had been deliberately broken up.

We decided to risk that. Slowly scraping away the soil with penknives and piling it into the darkest corner of the hut, we planned to creep out at dead of night and make a desperate bid for liberty. Frankly, "desperate" was the word, for we knew that the Queen of Sheba, as we had come to call her, would give little quarter if our attempt failed.

And we had been in the hut for seventeen days, two well-fed but filthy individuals, when our tunnel was completed and we emerged into the outer darkness

Everything was quiet, save for snores and the stampings of the horses. We had had half a mind to steal two of the latter, but feared that the consequent commotion might give us away. So silently over the ground we crawled, reached the mud wall, endured a flesh-crawling moment as we went over the top and our figures were silhouetted against the sky, and then fell softly down. We were free!

We turned southward, planning to ford the Suing River and make our way by the straightest path possible. And presently the camp was left far behind, we had reached the plains, and a fresh wind blew on our faces as the stars twinkled serenely overhead.

It is a pity that we made one miscalculation in our plans and did not consider the tidal movements of the river over that flat ground. When the Suing rises, the ground for miles around becomes like a vast inland sea, and since the tide creeps up with treacherous speed, woe betide any traveller who happens to be playing the game of "last across"!

MAKING our way through the sopping shrubs, we became suddenly aware of a change in the landscape to the left. An instant later there was the gleam of the moon on water, and we came to a swift appreciation of our plight.

Events happened then as they might in any approved serial story. We turned to run back, slipping and slithering this way and that in our haste, the water presently creeping up against our legs. Almost, here, one might say "To be continued. . . ."

But this was far from being the end, There was movement and sound before us, as behind us. Behind—the river, and before, our bandits on the war-path. By some means our flight had been discovered.

Well, there's only one choice when you have to decide between drowning in the cold water and living, no matter for how short a time, in the warmth of a prison hut.

The prison hut it was, albeit not before we had been unmercifully prodded by the butt-ends of bandit guns for our endeavours, and subjected to some very sticky looks when we were taken once more before the bandit queen.

WAS it to be the loss of our tongues or ears? Her glance did not tell us, and nor did our jailer, who was now perpetually appointed to walk round and round the hut, in which we were once more confined.

Food seemed to arrive as regularly as ever, none-the-less, and we ate as hungrily. This chapter of our adventure was a most humiliating anti-climax!

And, if I deal lightheartedly with it all, it is because the whole episode reminded one—even at the time—so irresistibly of a real life burlesque of a sensational story. Though we occasionally had doubts and fears, we told each other most of the time that nothing harmful could possibly happen, and that something good was bound to turn up.

It did. There came a day when fierce catcalls resounded through the hills, coming closer and closer, till we heard a burst of rifle-fire, the sound of galloping hooves and all the noise and clatter of an approaching army.

The camp was afire with clamour. After a moment of obvious irresolution, our guard took to his heels. We heard the Queen of Sheba screaming orders and we heard men running and shouting in all directions.

Pacing up and down our hut like tigers, John and I did our best to piece together the happenings outside. Clearly, this was a bandit war. Clearly, a stronger force had arrived and was slowly advancing towards the camp. But before long we came to the conclusion that this was a peaceable invasion, a more important personage paying a courtesy call on a minor bandit.

Verification of this idea came when it became clear that the camp was the scene of greater activity than usual and when the cheerful noise of carousal replaced the clatter that had gone before.

Now, if ever, we were far from happy. Perhaps this was why we had been kept in durance—waiting until such time as the head man could witness the torture!

Perhaps our pains would form the most entertaining feature of the festal programme. It was with no feeling of relief that we saw our door flung open, and found ourselves again being led before the Queen of Sheba

Here was the superior bandit, a miniature man, looking very small compared with the giantess at his side. The Queen, we noted, looked more gloomy than usual, as if she had spilt the jam; and the dwarf beside her was one vast apologetic smile.

Our journey should never have been interrupted, we gathered. Would we join in the feast, and then pass on our way in the happiness of the gods?

Would we? The question was unnecessary, as unnecessary as it would be to tell you that we were eventually escorted back to our car—still there!—and ultimately arrived in Ike Paishan safe and sound.

AS every good story demands, there was a sequel to our experiences some nine months later, when, passing through a town in the same district, I heard that four bandits had been captured and were to be executed the following day. One turned out to be our dwarf friend.

I visited him in prison, and he greeted me as an old acquaintance, and asked me to convey news of his death to the Lady of the Mountains.

I am afraid I have never done so, but I believe she is still scot-free.

The "Greatest of These—" Fund

WILL YOU HELP HER?

NANCY is nearly seventeen. When she was at school she hurt the lower part of her spine, resulting in an operation, from which she has never completely recovered. Her father could obtain no compensation for his daughter's accident.

Nancy was at this time terribly overworked. For two months, when her mother was in hospital, the task of looking after the household devolved on her, in addition to her school attendance.

She was next in the infirmary suffering from the after-effects of her operation and St. Vitus' dance. Then, recently, she developed Graves disease, which meant another operation, and now the girl is in a critical condition.

Her ex-Service father, who served from 1914 to 1919, was unable to work for two and a half years after his discharge, due to an operation on his leg whilst in the Army, and has now been out of work for over three years. His wife is bedridden, her left side being totally paralysed.

There is a boy, aged thirteen, who has been suffering with lung trouble, and has lately had to keep away from school, because, his father says, "his blood has gone thin after being under double pneumonia."

There are also two children, aged nine and six years.

All told, the father of this tragic family receives 30s. 11d. a week. Leaving out hospital expenses, Nancy's present trouble has cost him over six guineas in fees and fares. "And this," he says, "is the fifth hospital case I have had in the last seventeen months, and, being out of work, it is more than I can do." His rent is much in arrears, and he has had to beg for credit at local shops.

* * *

Our readers will agree that this man's is a hard case. His minister, who has known him for twenty years, vouches for "the integrity of his character."

Donations earmarked "Nancy," together with subscriptions for the Fund generally, should be addressed to The Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and will be acknowledged where names and addresses are given, as we do not publish acknowledgments in JOHN BULL. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

SIDE-SLIPS

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelopes "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is sent by more than one reader, prize is awarded to first opened.

SUFFOLK CHRONICLE AND MERCURY:—"Supt. —— put in a list of PRECIOUS convictions."

THE ISLE OF WIGHT COUNTRY PRESS:—"Mrs. —— sang two SONS excellently."

CANNOCK COURIER:—". . . was charged with SEALING a cash box."

THE MERIONETH COUNTY TIMES AND SHROPSHIRE AND MID-WALES ADVERTISER:—"The gift took the form of a handsome oak bedroom CLOAK."

HULL DAILY MAIL:—"That fact, he submitted, established plaintiffs' CAKE."

CORK EXAMINER:—"The filling can be done with a mixture of glue and sow dust."

GUERNSEY EVENING PRESS:—"No news has been received of ——, who left Croydon by AERODROME on Tuesday."

OLDHAM WEEKLY STANDARD:—"Only the small shops in the town sell bread on a Sunday, and that SOLD has most likely been baked the FOLLOWING day."

MANCHESTER EVENING NEWS:—"When the alarm was given customers gathered up their hats and COATS."

SWINDON EVENING ADVERTISER:—"The driver and conductor, who stuck to their POSES, were among the injured."

SUN-STARVED!

"Then it dawned on me why he was always ill in winter"

"Mickey's birthday is in March, when the weather's most treacherous. I used to dread it coming round—sure enough he'd be in bed instead of having his party. All winter he seemed to have nothing but colds and coughs," *writes Mrs. Shannon, 17 Charlwood Place, S.W.1.*

"One winter he was ill 3 weeks on end and I couldn't get him eating again. He was losing weight too. Then a doctor said we must build Mickey up, and said Scott's Emulsion would do that. Well, in a month the way Mickey was eating and putting on weight! I could hardly believe it. Now he's hardly ever ill.

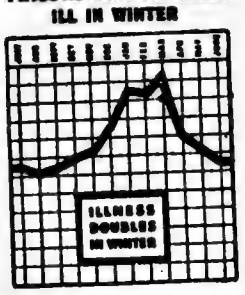
"Strange how it only dawned on me the other day why Mickey was ill every winter. He was sun-starved. Scott's made him strong by giving him sunshine all the winter."

HOW SCOTT'S GIVES "SUNSHINE"

Doctors explain that each tablespoonful of Scott's has the health value of 2 hours summer sunshine. Builds bone and flesh. Makes blood. Actually *prevents* illness. Keep your child *safe* on Scott's *now*.

"In 14 days she began to change" *says Mrs. Sutherland, 26 King's Avenue, S.W.* "Betty was never rid of winter colds and couldn't put on weight. Then I remembered Scott's was recommended to me back in 1906. I started Betty on it and in 14 days she began to change. She put on 5 lbs. the first month. Now she never has winter colds."

TWICE AS MANY CHILDREN ILL IN WINTER



Now is the most dangerous time for your child—after being sun-starved for 4 months. Start a course of Scott's now. Don't miss a single day, a single dose!

A TIME OF TRIAL

Why Women Fear Middle Age.

A woman's life is full of trials, but the most critical years of womanhood are undoubtedly those between forty and fifty.

The upheaval of health that besets a woman at this time betrays itself in many ways. One of the chief symptoms is a terrible depression, often verging on melancholia. There is lack of self-confidence, with vague fears, lassitude, severe backaches, headaches, fits of trembling and dizziness, besides other distressing troubles.

Sympathy and patience are necessary, but the most practical help any woman of middle age can have is a course of Dr. Williams pink pills. These pills enrich the blood, nourish the starved and overwrought nerves, and by their strengthening influence on the whole system, they enable a woman to pass through the trying years of middle age tranquilly and without suffering.

The world-famous Dr. Williams Brand Pink Pills can now be obtained at 1s. 3d. a box (triple size 3s. 6d.). From all chemists, or same price, post free, direct from The Dr. Williams Medicine Company, 36, Fitzroy Square London, W.1.

FREE.—Every woman of middle age should read the booklet, "Nature's Warnings," sent free to all who write to C. E. Dept., 36, Fitzroy Square, London, W.1.

GRAVES 'LUXURY' BALE

Two super quality White All Wool Blankets, not a thread of cotton in them. Blue borders, whipped ends. Size 63 x 83in. Weight 7¼lb per pair.
Two White Fleecy Blankets, whipped ends. 60 x 80in. 4lb.
Two Grey Bolton Twill Hemmed Sheets. 70 x 90in. 4¼lb pr.
One Fadeless Alhambra Hemmed Quilt 73 x 94in.
One Bleached Damask Table Cloth, 54 x 54in.
Two Pure White Pillow Cases. Size 20in x 30in.
One pure White Bolster Case to match 20 x 60in.
IMPORTANT.—As extra advantage we include a 16 PIECE CUTLERY SERVICE, made in our own Sheffield Factory—6 Stainless Sheffield Steel Knives, 6 Dessert Forks, 6 Dessert Spoons, 6 Tea Spoons. Will wear like silver, white all through.
The Complete Bale, including the 16-Piece Cutlery Service. Carriage Paid. Price £3
TERMS: 5/- MONTHLY
CATALOGUES POST FREE
J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

FLAGS of the BRITISH EMPIRE now in every packet of "KENSITAS" CIGARETTES
See page 29.

"For mother's sake I had to keep my job

"How I overcame tiredness and got a rise in pay"

"I've just been made private secretary to our Sub-Manager—one of the best jobs in the office — and because of the additional work and responsibility I've got a rise in salary.

"It is particularly interesting that a year ago, *almost to the day*, I was in danger of losing the job I then had in this office. I was thoroughly run-down, consequently not able to work quickly. Even after my holidays I didn't feel much stronger.

"STOP WORK," THEY SAID

"Being run down I was 'nervy' and made mistakes. Everyone was very nice to me about it — they said the wisest thing would be if I took 6 months off and built up my strength. 'Stop work for a while' they said 'and come back in the New Year.'

"But I had to keep my job, the extra money meant so much to my mother. Then the head secretary had a word with me. She recommended Hall's Wine. She'd found there was nothing like it to give you strength. Taking nice Hall's Wine regularly *for 2 months* I got all my strength back. My 'nerves' got better too. After that nobody spoke again about sending me away, and now in a year I'm where I am." *Mary Hewitt (Miss) 7 Beck Rd., Harehills, Leeds.*

Isn't it worth 5/6 never to be tired out?

It doesn't pay for any woman to look years older than she is. Tired nerves make unhappy marriages, too. Prepared from the formula of a well-known doctor, Hall's Wine is recommended by the British Analytical Control Limited. It has a quick and lasting effect no other tonic will give you. Thousands of letters like that above prove it. Hundreds of letters from nurses (actual letters open for inspection) prove its wonderful results even more. Start today! From all Wine Merchants, Licensed Grocers and Chemists. Price everywhere, 5/6. Stephen Smith & Company, Limited, Bow, London, E.3.

HALL'S WINE

STRENGTHENS YOU IF TIRED OR RUN DOWN

The best BATTERY for your wireless is used by 9 out of 10 British ships

Exide

And it is fitted by most famous set makers

For high tension ask for Drydex Dry Batteries

From Exide Service Stations and reputable dealers

Breaking Up the HOME

"How a mother can go away and leave her children completely baffles me"

HUMAN DOCUMENTS

Probed by

PHILIP INMAN

who is JOHN BULL's "Humanist," and who wants to help you to solve the problem which is causing you anxiety. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, and enclose a stamped envelope. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

THERE are people who say that in no circumstances should the marriage tie ever be broken. Once married, always married is their creed.

Others go to the opposite extreme. The marriage licence is to them merely a scrap of paper to be cast aside when it has served their purpose. They think that married life, like a job of work, should be terminable by a week's notice on either side. Sometimes they don't even trouble to give as long notice as that.

Amongst my letters this week is one from a man in a South Coast resort, who asks me if I can help him to find his wife. His letter goes on:

"She went away from home on Tuesday, November 28, leaving behind our two children, a boy of ten and another one of two and a half. The only reason I can think of for her action is that we had had a few words about her going to so many dances.

"I suppose I have my faults, but nobody can call me a slacker or a drunkard, though I admit I like to stroll down at night to the local for half a pint But, if the wife wants to go to the kinema, I am always ready to stay at home and look after the kiddies.

"We live in a Corporation house, so we have our own little home, and I am in regular employment as a builder's labourer, having worked for the same firm for over two years. If only she would come back again!"

That is the man's letter. He also encloses one that his wife wrote before she went away. Listen to her story:

"No doubt you will be surprised to receive this, but after our quarrels I am so fed up that I feel I must get out of it all. I have struggled hard to make a comfortable home for you and you have never appreciated it.

"You have accused me of all sorts of things, saying I didn't love the children, that I was greedy and wanted all your money, and, if ever I have spent a few shillings on myself, you called me spendthrift.

"You see, I remember all the things you have said to me at different times. And I remember also that you told me you would never have me back again if I once went away. So just forget me and think of me as dead."

NOW, I ask you, what can the marriage tie mean to this woman?

Just because she and her husband have had a few quarrels she disregards all her marriage vows. Even if her husband is wrong in her sight, where is the mother-love for her two children? How she could go away and leave them in such a plight completely baffles me.

I can only hope that by now she realises how utterly inconsiderate she has been. She will be a wise woman when she discovers that there is nothing in the world that can take the place of a husband, home and children.

But I am not going to let that man down without some condemnation. He knows full well that it takes two to make a quarrel. And if all his wife says is true, he must take his share of the blame for what has happened. His wife suggests that he has constantly nagged her. She obviously felt his words keenly, as she remembered all of them.

Let him realise, too, that to run a home, look after two children and care for a husband is a full-time occupation, and a woman in that position deserves sympathy and not constant criticism. I want him to remember these things because if, as I hope, his wife returns to him, it will save them a recurrence of trouble in the future.

My next letter comes from a young married woman of twenty-three, who says:

"We hear a lot about girls wanting to leave service to get married. But my case is just the opposite. I met my husband when I was fifteen, and shortly afterwards he went abroad. We both felt so sure of each other that we agreed to get married as soon as ever he returned.

"He was away eight years, and when he came back the marriage took place. I gave up a good situation, and now I find my husband is different from what I thought. He isn't interested in anything I do, and, as we live in a lonely place, I am left by myself most of the day. I sadly miss my old life, where I had plenty to do, money to spend and, above all, jolly good company. Now has come a chance for me to go back again, as my old post is vacant. What do you advise me to do?"

Now, what can the marriage lines mean to a girl like this? Apparently nothing. She calmly contemplates leaving her home simply because married life has turned out a little different from what she expected. The novelty has worn off. She misses the comforts, the pocket-money, the jolly times she had when she was single.

DOES she not realise that her husband has also had to give up many things? He must have been better off financially as a bachelor, for he had no home to keep. Then he, too, had his own friends and his jolly times. But, like many a man, he finds compensations in the companionship of a wife and the possession of a home.

"But," says this girl, "he isn't interested in anything I do." I wonder if she is interested in anything *he* does? You cannot make a success of married life if it is a one-sided arrangement. Let this girl find something of interest in her husband's affairs and I wager that he will find something in hers.

But let me warn her—she will never be happy if she is always pining for the old days. If the marriage ceremony is to mean anything to her, they are over and done with. What she must do is to make a success of her new life. It may not be easy for a time. She will have to adjust herself to the changed conditions. But a husband, home and, possibly, children, are to the real woman well worth fighting for.

There is something just a little sordid about my third problem. The letter comes from a man who says that eighteen months ago he married a girl, not because he loved her but simply out of pity. She had been left an orphan and she told him that she owned the house and furniture and also had a little money. He goes on:

"She did not want to part with these possessions and yet she was terribly lonely, and so, as we had always got on well together, we decided to get married.

"The first few months of our married life were spent in enjoyment and in entertaining friends. But it was not long before I discovered that the house was mortgaged up to the hilt, that there were debts outstanding dating from before as well as after our marriage, and that most of the furniture had been obtained on the hire-purchase system and the instalments were in arrears. I was not in a position to clear off these debts, and soon the whole of the furniture was taken back again.

"I found it hard to forgive my wife for her deception, but, as we were expecting a baby, I felt it only right to stand by her. I have done my utmost to make her happy. But she is not only deceitful but selfish and discontented as well. Feeling fed up, I resolved to find happiness elsewhere, and I became acquainted with a woman, whom I met secretly, and found great pleasure in her company.

"Two months ago the baby was born, and I decided to give up the other woman as I thought that my wife and I would now be much happier together. I regret to say I was again disillusioned and life has become intolerable. Do you think I should be justified in going away to find happiness with the other woman?"

WHAT are the grounds upon which this man is prepared to make his marriage into a mockery?

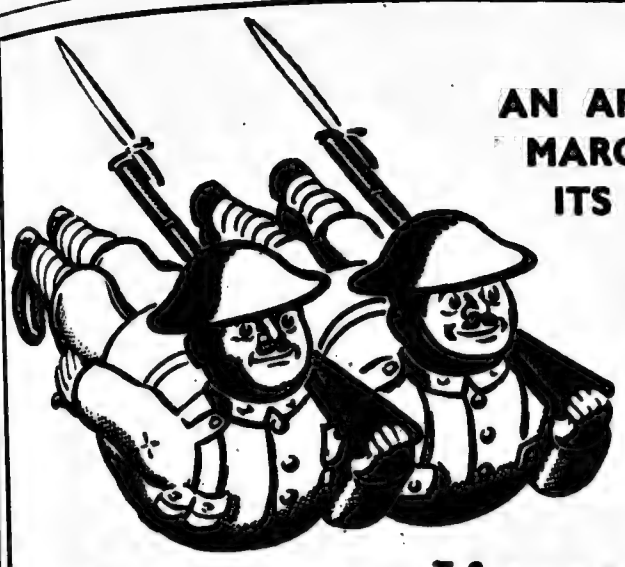
He complains that his wife has deceived him by saying that she had more possessions than she really had. But has he not deceived her? What about his association with that other woman whom he confesses he met secretly?

Then, again, whatever money his wife had, he seems to have helped her to squander it in the first few months of their married life.

He complains that his wife is discontented and selfish. He has apparently not yet discovered the faults of the other woman. That is a discovery I hope he will never make. Why do I say that? Because I hope he will leave her severely alone from now onwards.

In my judgment the grounds he mentions are not sufficient to warrant his leaving his home. There have obviously been faults on both sides. And there has now come into their lives the care of a little child. For that baby's sake, as well as for their own, these two should endeavour to make a fresh start.

My correspondent tells me that for a long time before they were married they got on very well together. If they will each look for the best in the other instead of the worst, they will, I am sure, repeat that experience.



AN ARMY MARCHES ON ITS STOMACH!

Can you digest that?

Pretty hard on the digestion! But not nearly so hard as rich or fat foods. Bacon, sausages, pork, steak, roast duck—they're all very nice but they *can* be very indigestible. Mustard! That's the stuff to give the troops. Fresh, golden Mustard with its clean tang makes rich meat, fat meat, cold meat not only nice but infinitely more digestible.

it's nicer with Mustard

—Colman's Mustard

Don't let the 7 stains spoil the beauty of your teeth!

Who would think that such a simple thing as an apple could put stains on teeth! Yet apples do. And so do all the other foods we eat. All told, our daily diet leaves 7 different kinds of stains on teeth.

Many toothpastes fail to remove all 7 stains—because they have only one kind of cleansing action. And *all* stains simply will not yield to any *one* action.

Colgate's cleans teeth beautifully, brilliantly, *completely*—because Colgate's has TWO cleansing actions. First, an *emulsive* action that loosens, washes away many of the stains. Second, a safe, gentle, *polishing* action, that promptly rubs away whatever stains are left.

What a difference those TWO cleansing actions can make. See this difference reflected in your own mirror.

THE 7 CAUSES OF STAINS THAT DISCOLOUR TEETH
1. Meats and other proteins. 4. Sweets.
2. Cereals and starchy foods. 5. Fruits.
3. Vegetables. 6. Beverages.
7. Tobacco smoke.

Who has not tried to loosen a screw with scissors? Misused, they fail. In the same way, coal misused fails to give you all it really can

HOW MUCH could you gain, burning coal by modern methods? Do you realise what astounding convenience and economy they give in home or factory? To make sure you are not missing something, you have only to use the coupon. It will bring you the facts you want. For industrial users it will bring a Combustion Engineer, to give free and impartial advice.

BRITISH COAL

It pays to use BRITISH COAL

COUPON (FOR GREAT BRITAIN ONLY)

HOME Please send me my copy of '*How to use Coal wisely in your Home*'

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

Send by ½d stamp to your regular coal supplier or to *John Bull*, Room No. C, Long Acre, London, W.C.2 • You will not be bothered to buy anything

INDUSTRIAL I should like to arrange a free inspection by an impartial engineer. I attach a short description of my installation (*sign above*)

Ewbank OAK TABLE RUBBER WRINGER *with* EXTENDING TOP

A triple purpose wringer designed to meet the needs of the modern housewife—combining a sturdy rubber wringer and two useful tables in one.

1 A compact rubber wringer, that handles even heavy articles with ease. Genuine porcelain enamel gives to all metal parts a serviceable finish of lasting brilliance.

Size of rollers 16" x 2½" table top 32" x 22"

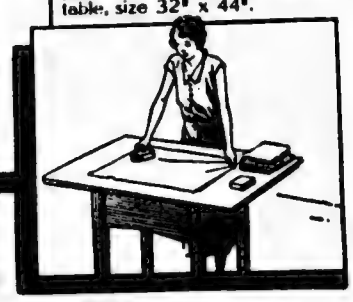
£4 19 0

Oak Extension Table Top **16/9** Extra.

2 The same rubber wringer, when closed, becomes a small polished oak table—just the table for the hall or living room.

and all metal parts finished in GENUINE **PORCELAIN ENAMEL!**

3 An entirely new feature—the double top opens and extends into a good sized plain top ironing or kitchen table, size 32" x 44".



Write to the Manufacturers Entwisle and Kenyon, Ltd., W 30, Accrington, for Illustrated Folder.

Dog OFF HIS FOOD

—a victim of winter sluggishness

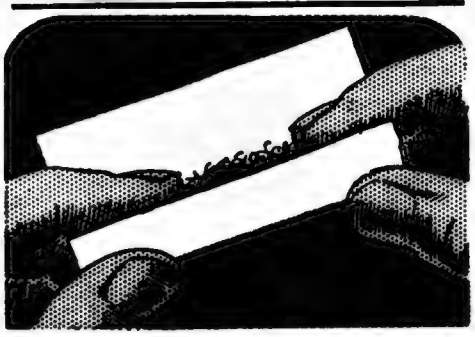
POOR appetite is Nature's way of telling you that your dog is in urgent need of a blood corrective. Loss of exercise or even one meal of too rich food makes his blood so impure that his liver becomes sluggish and his stomach sour. The remedy is to give him Bob Martin's Condition Powders at once. As these famous powders clear the impurities from his blood, his appetite will return. But remember — loss of appetite occurs quickly, and must be cured quickly. More serious disorders will develop if you delay.

By purifying the blood, Bob Martin's Condition Powders prevent (and quickly cure) all blood disorders, such as **loss of appetite, listlessness, sulky temper, dull or loose coat, continual scratching, eczema and swellings between the toes.** The correct way to condition your dog is to give him a Bob Martin's Condition Powder three times a day on two successive days each week. Begin now to give your dog perfect health.

1/- *boxes of* 21 *powders;* 6d. *packets of* 9 *—everywhere.* L.W.S.

BOB MARTIN'S TASTELESS CONDITION POWDERS

Keep dogs fit—ALWAYS



COUPONS ARE DEAD—now for a *really good* smoke!

The man in the *know* always rolled his own cigarettes with A.G. Papers.

You'll not only get far more enjoyment but will save more than you ever received from coupons when you roll with A.G. Papers.

Insist on AG

The paper of 50 years' reputation for quality.

FITS ALL MACHINES AND GIVES THE BEST RESULTS

GRAVES BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE

5/2 per month (which is less than 2½d. a day) buys this magnificent cycle. You pay more than that in 'bus & tram fares alone. The Graves 'FLIGHT' Model is the finest value the world can offer:—Dunlop Saddle, Coventry Chain, Dunlop Tyres, Chromium Plate, Raised or Dropped Handlebars, Set of Accessories. Lady's or Gent's, Carriage Paid £3:17:6 or 5/2 now, and 14 monthly payments of 5/2. No charge for Easy Terms. With Sturmey-Archer 3-Speed £4:17:6 or 6/6 monthly. Catalogue of Ladies', Gent's, Juveniles', & Tradesmen's Cycles, Tandems, Roadsters, Racers, &c. Post free.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

5/2 Now

The DOG has his SHOW DAY

WILL your dog be elevated to the peerage this year? For in the dog world also there are titles—and it may be that the doggie candidate has to pass a more rigorous scrutiny than do some human aspirants to high honours.

The doggie title is expressed by the simple abbreviation "Ch." before its name, signifying "Champion," and this year may decide whether he is to be called Ch. Pongo, or just simple Pongo.

For, according to all indications, 1934 is to be a record year for dog shows—more shows and more entries than ever before. There are 1,200 sanctioned dog shows for 1934—the term "sanctioned" implies that the show has been endorsed by the Kennel Club, without whose approval no show can award titles which are valid.

Among the principal shows each year there are Cruft's, in London—the biggest of them all—the Birmingham National Dog Show, the Kennel Club's Show, and also the Ladies' Kennel Club Show.

Cruft's is giving the year a big send-off with nearly three miles of "benching"—the long wooden construction upon which the dogs are housed for showing. About 3,500 dogs will be shown at Cruft's next week, and, incidentally, three tons of dog-food will be needed for their meals for the two days the big show lasts.

Britain is the historical home of the dog show, and there are veterans who will exhibit, "handle" or judge at this year's shows who have figured in these capacities at various shows for the last fifty years.

And they will have dogs to show or handle which—officially, at least—did not exist in the earlier days of exhibiting.

At the first Kennel Club Show, fifty years ago, only fifty breeds were shown; now there are eighty. The old favourite breeds are still popular, the old hands will tell us, but there are also certain revivals, or variations, which mark the last year or two.

For instance, the Dalmatian—the spotted carriage dog, which used to run beneath the phaeton or barouche of Victorian days—is returning to favour; there is a revived interest in bull mastiffs; and the amiable, long-bodied Dachshund, which once sported only a sleek, short-haired coat, now appears also in the long-haired and wire-haired varieties.

But it isn't only dogs which go to make a dog show. A large number of mere humans are involved. For instance, the exhibitors: at Cruft's alone there are some 1,700 exhibitors this year.

Sixty judges

In fact, the authorities tell us that 1934 will see a large increase in the number of exhibitors in all shows, from the big national championship shows down to the little local affairs, held in a neighbouring hall or corn exchange. Even in 1933 there were more exhibitors than ever before.

Then there are the judges. At Cruft's there are sixty-one of them, and judging goes on in nearly forty rings simultaneously. Many of the judges are also famous breeders, but they are precluded from showing their own dogs at a show where they exercise their judicial functions; as, for instance, Lorna Countess Howe, famous gun-dog judge and breeder, who will be judging Labrador retrievers at Cruft's.

Then there are the veterinary surgeons, who not only have an important function at shows—no dog can be shown until it has been passed by the official "vet"—but who attend in their hundreds as spectators.

There are the "handlers"—those who prepare doggie for the ring, and who walk him round before the judge's appraising eye, when the testing time comes. Of course, many exhibitors handle their own dogs, but others leave this responsible job to a trained kennel man or maid, or other handler.

His life is just one dog show after another: "Christopher Robbin," who has won 160 first prizes

Then there are the breeders, who flock to the great national championship shows—of which there are over forty—and who also attend the smaller shows in considerable numbers. There are over 6,000 officially recognised dog-breeders in the country—of whom, by the way, the big majority are women.

And last, but by no means least, there are the thousands of plain, ordinary people, who own a dog or who just love dogs. They probably make up the great majority of the huge attendance at the shows.

The duke's advice

There are many people, however, who labour under the mistaken impression that to be an exhibitor involves one in a prohibitive amount of expenditure. It is quite untrue that only the wealthy can afford to show dogs. In fact, a visit to a dog show will reveal the essential democracy of the world of dog-lovers.

There you may see a duke and a gamekeeper, deep in discussion or argument anent some moot point in doggie science. The common interest in dogs brings them all together, whatever their social or economic position, and the only requirement is that the exhibitor have the real sporting spirit—that he knows and loves dogs, and can win or lose like a sportsman.

There is, for instance, the case of a woman who, for the first time, was showing a fine Labrador. An elderly man, in old tweeds, approached the bench, looked over her dog, and remarked:

"She's very nice, but you shouldn't ever show a heavy-shouldered dog in a light coloured collar—you want a heavy one."

"Maybe you're right," remarked the exhibitor dubiously. The stranger left her, but returned in a few moments with a liver-coloured collar.

"Put that on her," he ordered with asperity. The woman obeyed—and, incidentally, her Labrador won third prize. Later she discovered that her adviser and aid had been a certain noble duke!

At the big dog shows which make a speciality of gun-dogs, you will find a large attendance of gamekeepers. Cruft's, for instance, is always a gala event for gamekeepers, many of whom receive leave from their employers for the trip to London. At Cruft's, also, there are special classes for dogs owned by railway, omnibus and tramway employees, and by members of the Metropolitan Police.

If you wish to enter your dog for a show, it must first be registered with the Kennel Club. This costs half-a-crown, if both parents of your dog are already registered. If they are not, it will cost you five shillings.

Entry fees at the shows vary, but they are not extortionate: at Crufts it is 12s. 6d. per dog. For the police and transport workers' classes, registration is only five shillings.

In many of the smaller local shows—where the beginner is advised to commence his exhibiting—fees are very moderate.

And the returns—apart from the honour and pride of winning a prize—may be very high.

The case of the Airedale terrier champion, Matador Mandarin—which was purchased as a pet for a little boy, for a very low sum, and subsequently became a triple champion, worth 2,000 guineas—is not unique, although every small exhibitor can by no means hope for such good fortune. A really good fox-terrier may be worth anything from £500 to £1,000, and 100 guineas would be a very low price for a champion of any breed.

Doggy democracy

Another little-known aspect of the big dog show is its international character. At a championship show you will hear the languages of many nations among the visitors; and Indian and American breeders, dealers and dog-lovers are always prominent. British judges, also, are often called upon to travel to France, Germany, Holland, and other countries to judge at shows, and even as far as Australia or India.

It is the great democracy of the dog show which we may witness there, bringing together Britisher and foreigner, countryman and townsman, Mile End and Mayfair, with one common aim and interest: the study of our friend the dog, and the improvement of his breed—a festival of dog-lovers, which the dogs appear to enjoy every bit as much as their masters.

EARN £100 A MINUTE

The average man takes fifteen years or so to earn £3,000—and most of those earnings are spent as they come.

Some JOHN BULL reader, however, is soon to earn £3,000 for an entertaining half-hour on *Bullets*—and to that Giant Cheque a fully-paid £1,000 Life Assurance Policy will be added.

Turn to page 39—and turn to!

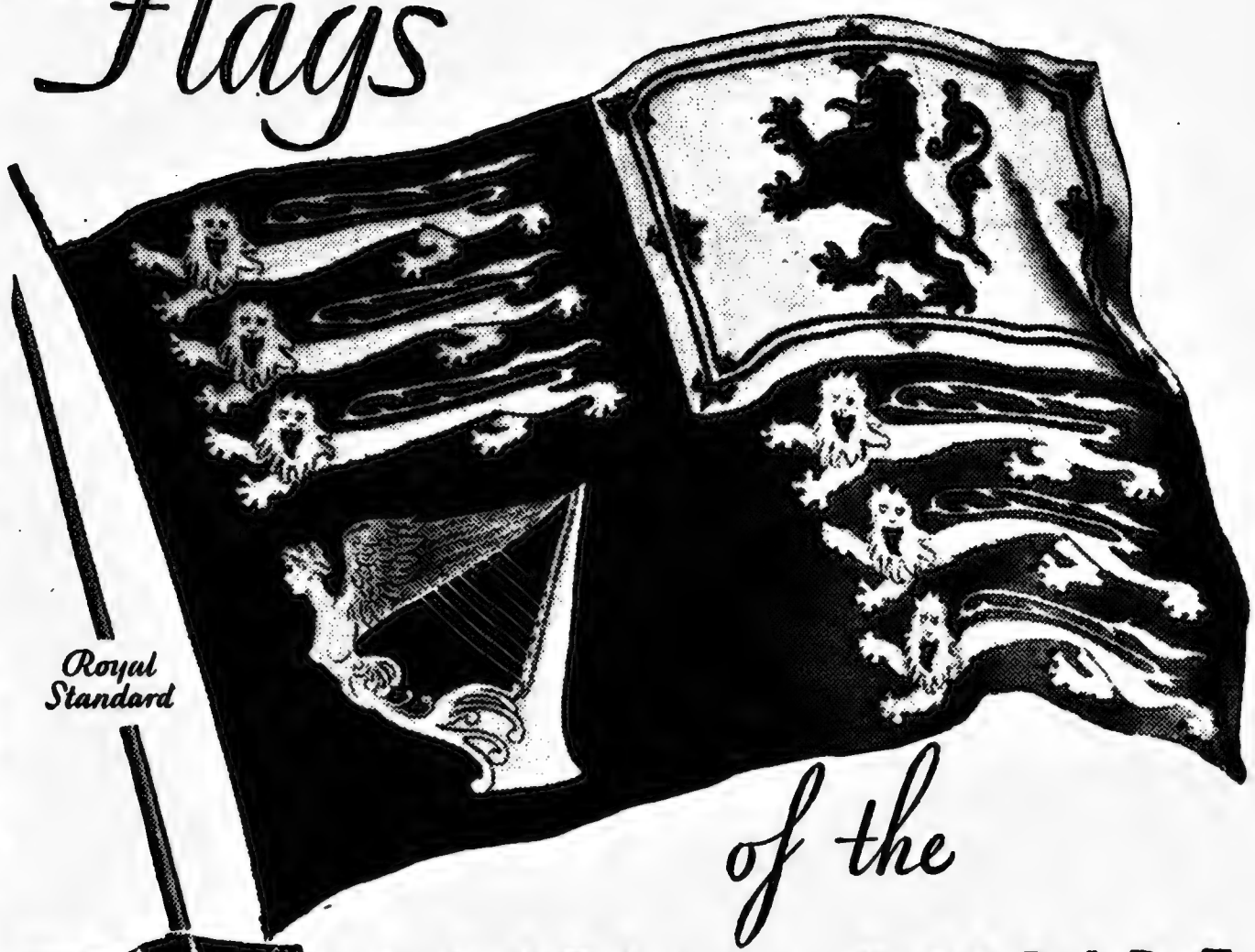
'Kay reveals a Beauty Secret
I'M TERRIFIED OF CATCHING THE THREADS OF THESE STOCKINGS—MY HANDS GET SO ROUGH IN WINTER. I DO ENVY YOURS, KAY. THEY'RE AS SMOOTH AS SILK.
BUT ENID, DEAR, THERE'S ABSOLUTELY NO REASON WHY YOUR HANDS SHOULD BE ROUGH. I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO MAKE THEM SMOOTH— IF YOU LIKE.
OH KAY, YOU'RE AN ANGEL
OH BUT KAY, DOES IT COST A LOT?
ALMOST NOTHING! "VASELINE" PETROLEUM JELLY! A 4d.* JAR LASTS FOR MONTHS. YOU ONLY RUB IN A LITTLE EVERY NIGHT AT BEDTIME.
NEXT WEEK . . .
LOOK KAY, I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE THE DIFFERENCE 'VASELINE' JELLY CAN MAKE TO ONE'S HANDS. JUST LOOK AT MINE NOW. REALLY SMOOTH— WHITER TOO.

Trade **Vaseline** Mark

Petroleum Jelly

Another reason why you should keep "Vaseline" Jelly in the house—it shuts out infection from cuts, burns and abrasions. Doctors agree it is a perfect protection. Chesebrough Manufacturing Co. Cons'd., Victoria Rd., Willesden, London, N.W.10.

Flags



of the BRITISH EMPIRE now in every packet of Kensitas . . .

All who know Kensitas . . . how mild they are, and how satisfying . . . will welcome these delightful flags now enclosed in every packet of their favourite cigarettes. A series of 48 different British flags, beautifully reproduced in full colours, on silk. And you can obtain so many pleasing effects with them, putting your own decorative ideas to work on tea cosies, nightdress cases, table centres, cushion covers. And, most of all, you'll enjoy smoking Kensitas. Kensitas taste better, they satisfy, because they're made of 100% choice Virginia tobaccos, and only the ripest, tender centre leaves are used. Because of the exclusive Kensitas Private Process for removing certain impurities naturally present in every tobacco leaf, Kensitas are always mild . . . and how they satisfy!

Kensitas

THEY'RE MILD . . . AND HOW THEY SATISFY

INFLUENZA checked in a day

Arrest Influenza, Chills and Colds with 'Quincasca' Cold Cure Tablets—the quickest remedy yet discovered for Headache, Pain, Shivering and Lassitude; for clearing the head and reducing the temperature. When 'flu is raging two tablets at frequent intervals give sure protection

Tin of 30, 1/3; Family size 3 times the quantity 3/- All Chemists, or post free from Laboratories (Dept. 8 F.), 12 Charles St. London, WC1

QUINCASCA Cold Cure Tablets

FREE Send postcard for trial sample.

Sold with a Satisfaction-or-Money-Back Guarantee.

Pension—And £500 Cash Won Outright!

Result of Crossword Competition No. 244.

The only correct solution in the above Competition was received from—

Evan Inch, 131, Cope Bank, Bolton,

who, subject to the conditions of the Competition, will receive £2 a week for life and £500, or one lump sum of £900.

Any other entrant who claims to have sent a solution eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by First Post, Tuesday, February 13th, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of solutions and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny," and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the Award of £100 to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 81 competitors from whom we received solutions containing one error, and who will each receive £1 4s. 9d. A list of these winners can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

An extra £100 will be shared among the Runners-up who submitted two 6d. coupons in the same envelope.

In addition to the above awards, the winner of the First Prize and the 81 competitors who share the Runners-up Prize will each receive a Hamper.

BONUS WINNERS IN CROSSWORD No. 242. Two hundred and fourteen competitors qualified to share the extra £100 offered, and payments of 9s. 6d. each have been despatched.

Another Splendid Xmas-Word with a First Prize of £1,000 and prizes for Runners-up appears on Page 30. Try your skill now!

ASTHMA

Sufferers from bronchial asthma get quicker relief from Vapo-Cresolene inhalation. Soothes at once. Restores normal breathing and induces restful sleep. Drugless, simple, easy to use. Complete directions with every bottle. For 54 years the proved vapour treatment for Whooping Cough, Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, etc. *Of all Chemists.*

Vapo-Cresolene

Quickly brings relief.

Send for Booklet No. 6A, "*It is a real Help.*"

ALLEN & HANBURYS, LTD., 37th. LOMBARD STREET, LONDON, E.C.3

The most obstinate COUGHS yield to FAMEL

WHERE palliatives do no real good—FAMEL SYRUP is what your cough needs. A few doses can be positively relied on to banish coughs, bronchitis, catarrh and other lung troubles. The secret of its almost miraculous power is that it enables the blood to absorb certain curative agents which previously could only be inhaled. Its advent revolutionised ideas on the treatment of coughs and more serious lung troubles.

FAMEL SYRUP drives out the infection from within—from its very root. But even that is not all: it also contains powerful tonics which stimulate the natural defensive forces of the bronchial system, and delicate sedatives which subdue the irritation brought on by coughing. Buy a bottle from your chemist to-day. FAMEL SYRUP is approved by Doctors, Nurses and Hospitals all over the world. Thousands of former sufferers have written grateful letters to tell of the relief FAMEL SYRUP has brought them.

READ THESE REPORTS
—typical of Thousands

Distressing Cough Quite Cured

"My husband had a most distressing cough and could get no sleep at nights. *Since using Famel he is quite cured.* We tried lots of so-called cures without any relief. Famel is worth its weight in gold."—(*Mrs.*) *A.B., Cheshire.*

Result was instantaneous

"I have tried Famel for my catarrh and a very bad cold. *The result was instantaneous* and I was amazed at the amount of phlegm I got rid of and the clearing of breathing passages. I have since been able to breathe quite freely of a night time, and intend to get a regular supply."—*H. A.W., London, E.1.*

"I am recommending the Famel Syrup to all I really can, as I have found this syrup the greatest of all cough remedies. It is worth double in price."—*Mrs. B., London.*

Cured Children's Coughs

"I am pleased to say that Famel has cured my two children of persistent coughs of a month's standing, after I had tried several well-known remedies, all of which had failed. The children (aged 4 and 6) have also gained good appetites and their general health has improved. I am recommending it to all I know."—(*Mrs.*) *J. V., Welling.*

FAMEL
Brand
[1/6 & 3/- (triple quantity)] **SYRUP**

Sold by all Chemists.

Distributors: Wilcox Joseau & Co., Ltd., 15, Gt. St. Andrew Street, London, W.C.2, and at 19, Temple Bar, Dublin.

"One thing that has given me happiness all my crowded life—my marriage." Sir Ben and Lady Turner to-day

by
Sir Ben Turner
Ex-President of the National Union of Transport Workers

MY £4 MARRIAGE
—was my greatest hour

WHEN you ask a man who has had an active and pretty exciting life to describe the greatest hour in his seventy years, you're setting him a problem. You make him look back on a long past and weigh up the values. You make him see happenings, which once he thought were all-important, in a new light. Things that once looked so big seem to lose their value, and the really big things stand out.

I could tell of a good many great hours. I might tell of when I was elected chairman of the Labour Party in 1911—that was a pretty lively hour; or of when I became president of the National Union of Textile Workers—which was another. An hour of triumph you might call it.

"Am I alive?"

Or when I first became mayor of my own town of Batley. Or that time, forty-two years ago, when I was elected third on the poll to Batley School Board, after every big and little pot of local strength had been against me, telling all sorts of fancy tales to belittle me.

Then there was the time when the King sent for me to confer an honour. A great day, and a memorable one, and a proud one.

Or when I woke up after an operation in 1930 in Leeds, after the surgeons had been cutting me up, and asked, all in a daze: "Am I alive all right?"

When I paid my first income-tax; in 1922, when I became an M.P. after the fourth time of trying. . . . All great hours, crowded hours, human hours, important hours in a career.

But if I look back, one thing stands out above all the others—one thing that's been stable and sure. One thing that's never failed. One thing that's given me happiness all my crowded life.

My marriage.

You can have all the honour and glory; but give me my missus!

Let me go back a bit to that greatest hour—the one when we were wed. I was a lad of twenty-one. I was a woollen cloth weaver, and they paid me about twenty-two shillings a week. That was in 1884. I worked 56½ hours a week for my twenty-two shillings.

And she who is now Lady Turner was a cotton piecener. We'd known each other since we were lad and lassie leaving school. We met first in Huddersfield secular Sunday-school. We used to hear the Bible stories together, and we talked about them after Sunday-school hours.

You know the story of Joshua and how he brought down the walls of Jericho? Well, it was a great story to me then. I wanted to bring down walls—not brick ones, but the walls that held back the workers from what I thought was their rightful dues. I wanted trumpets, of another kind, that would break down the kind of walls I had in mind . . . But that's getting away from my greatest hour. . . .

Pals, partners

From those Sunday-school days our friendship went on and on. Somebody asked me the other day how and when I proposed to my wife. He ought to have known better! Working folk don't propose. They fall in love and court and marry. There's none of this stuff about getting all worked up at a critical moment and falling on your knees and saying a lot of silly nonsense, as they do in story-books for romantic lasses.

Six years we were pals, and three of these we courted. And then one day we decided to get wed.

We hadn't a home. We hadn't any prospects much. But between us we had a little fortune.

We counted it out, and found it amounted to £4 7s. 6d.—plus a bed and a rocking-chair. We thought we were rich. We *knew* we were the happiest pair in creation.

Well, we fixed the licence and the banns and all that; I needn't go into those details. But the next exciting thing was buying the furniture out of our £4 odd.

You who have bought your first home will know the thrill of it. How we looked in all the shops, tramping the streets in the rain, wondering where was the best place to spend our few pounds! Going in, feeling a bit shy and silly, but not caring tuppence for anybody in our hearts, because we were happy. And then—buying the first home.

Parson was nervous

It consisted of a table, three home chairs, three bedroom chairs, and some small oddments. Any of you who want thrills in life can find no bigger one than seeing the bits and pieces of your first home being got together.

This was all leading up to the greatest hour; for that didn't come till we set out to walk arm-in-arm to the church, with a few relatives beside us.

It was a grand walk. It was a walk to a lifetime of happiness. Nothing that ever happened to me since can beat it.

That was how the hour began. It continued when we entered the church. By this time we were as nervous as a couple of mice. But we were in luck. It was the parson's first wedding, and he was as nervous as four mice!

He fumbled about a good bit. He forgot his lines once or twice. He nearly dropped the ring. We feared we should never get wed. I remember thinking that perhaps he would get so nervous that he would skip off and leave us.

But his worry put heart in us. When another man is more "jumpy" than you are, it always puts heart into you! So we carried through. And we walked out of that church man and wife.

We had our honeymoon holiday that afternoon—a walk in the country.

We had our wedding breakfast at tea-time, at my wife's brother's house—a bit of boiled ham and a spice cake.

You can have all your champagne and caviare; give me that spice cake and a laugh and a talk and a bit of fun for my wedding breakfast every time.

When I look back, I know beyond all doubt that this was my greatest hour. You may say it's a dull hour—to you. But if you can see it as I do now, you may agree with me.

To me, the greatest hour was the one that has since brought the greatest amount of happiness in life. And that exciting hour of getting wed to the grandest woman I've ever known stands out above all others.

I've laid a few foundation-stones for buildings in my time. My marriage was the foundation-stone for the building of my own life.

Race with "Silver Ring"

Poor Old Gregalach!

IT does not say much for the merit of our steeplechasers that Gregalach, who has now reached the age when many a good old servant is retired, should be singled out for top weight in the Grand National.

Mrs. Gemmell's champion carried off the honours at Aintree in 1929 as a seven-year old. Since then he has never got in with under 12 st., and for the last three years he has headed the handicap with 12 st. 7 lb.

With any luck, Gregalach would have carried off three Nationals and this probably is the reason for his present mark.

I am quite satisfied with the handicapping of my trio. Delaneige and Alpine Hut, with 11 st. 6 lb. each, are not harshly treated. The former has gone up 3 lb., while Alpine Hut carried the same burden last year. They finished fourth and fifth respectively.

Milk Punch has 11 st., a nice racing weight.

The Lingfield executive will stage a good Aintree test in the Shaun Spadah 'Chase this week-end.

It was over this course that Golden Miller broke time records when beating Kellsboro' Jack. This time he can meet Southern Hero, who beat him at Kempton. I shall stand on the "Miller."

And How and Knight of Knockeevan should be noted for their respective races.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE.

The Code for this week is as follows. It covers the racing from Thursday, February 1, to Wednesday, February 7.

A Q C 93 B 94 M P U X Z R 98 T F O
K H J I 95 E D V Y 97 L W N 96 G S

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below.

G8W95WK would read FORBRA.

Where a double letter occurs in the name of a horse the figure 2 is substituted. R94Z29398F96898 would read WELLINGTON.

"Depressed and weak" because his Blood was IRON-STARVED

We are IRON-STARVED because most of the foods we eat are deficient in iron and also because many of us are unable to assimilate the small amount of iron we obtain with our food.

The only remedy, doctors now say, is to take large doses of assimilable iron. *Only by taking more iron than your body needs can you be sure of absorbing enough.*

The best form of assimilable iron to take is IRON 'JELLOIDS',

Two boxes of Iron 'Jelloids, worked wonders—read his letter!

which for over forty years have been recommended by doctors and nurses as the most effective and desirable treatment.

If you are feeling run-down, "depressed and weak," it is almost certain the cause is IRON STARVATION.

Try the effect of two 3/- boxes of IRON 'JELLOIDS'. We believe they will "work wonders" for you, too. Everyone can afford IRON 'JELLOIDS.' The 3/- box lasts 36 days, the 1/3 box, 10 days.

His letter says:

"I have recently suffered from depression and general weakness, being quite unable to concentrate on my daily duties. I tried many remedies and decided upon a final endeavour by trying Iron 'Jelloids' No. 2A. After completing the first box I noticed a considerable improvement in my health, and began to enjoy life more. THE SECOND BOX WORKED WONDERS!" Mr. L. J. B.

Iron Jelloids

Rapidly Restore Rich Red Blood

Of all Chemists: 3/- (36 days' treatment) 1/3 (10 days' treatment)

FOR MEN: No. 2a

Run-down and debilitated men should take IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 2A. These contain quinine, and are the finest tonic in the world. Take two 3/- boxes, and you'll enjoy your food and soon feel stronger in every way.

FOR WOMEN: No. 2

The best blood enricher and tonic for anæmic women and girls. *Cannot blacken the teeth* or upset digestion. Certain to bring the roses back to your cheeks. Also suitable FOR MEN who do not like quinine.

FOR CHILDREN: No. 1

Every growing child should take a short course of IRON 'JELLOIDS' No. 1 now and then, to keep up the supply of iron, and to ensure that the child's blood is always rich, red, and nutritious.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade-mark. No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture

CHOOSE YOURSELF as a "Leader"— says John Moores

In every community, in every workshop, in every office, there's a man or woman a little more respected, a little more looked up to, than the others. That is the man or woman I want with us as a spare-time Organiser of Littlewood 20-week, 1/- a week Clubs.

Many thousands are already running Littlewood Clubs—and enjoying it. They are making a regular, sure, easy spare-time income. You also can make extra money for holidays; for things to wear; for things to add to the comfort of your family as well as yourself.

But, there will be much more for you than just "the money in it." You will meet fresh people, make new friends. You will get known as a man or woman who can run things. You will become widely respected and trusted as a "LEADER."

Shall I send you a copy, Free, of the Littlewood 290-page Wonder Catalogue, value 2/-? It is packed from end to end with bargains at REAL WHOLESALE PRICES. I want you to satisfy yourself that I am not exaggerating a mite when I say:—

Inside this Catalogue there are articles to delight EVERY housewife, EVERY girl, and EVERY family man you know. The Values are Unbeatable.

The prices are factory prices. People are amazed at what we give for the money.

When we accept you as an Organiser, this 290-page Catalogue, finely illustrated in colours, will be like YOUR VERY OWN STORE. A Store you can **run without capital, make money without risk.** You don't have to buy goods; nor pay a deposit; nor pay out for rent, fixtures, advertising. We supply all literature, stationery, and everything you need to run successful Littlewood Clubs.

This is a real spare-time OPPORTUNITY for the man or woman a little above the others in energy, initiative, and the ability to make friends. IF YOU WANT THAT OPPORTUNITY, join with us now—and I will make it worth your while. Use the Coupon below.

John Moores

Managing Director.

Coupon brings you the Littlewood Wonder Catalogue, Value 2/-, and Complete Outfit FREE

Brings you full particulars of Cash Remuneration. Tells you how to form a Club. Tells you everything.

COUPON

Yes, I want to know

Send me, FREE, your 2/- Catalogue, Complete Outfit, and full particulars of Cash Remuneration.

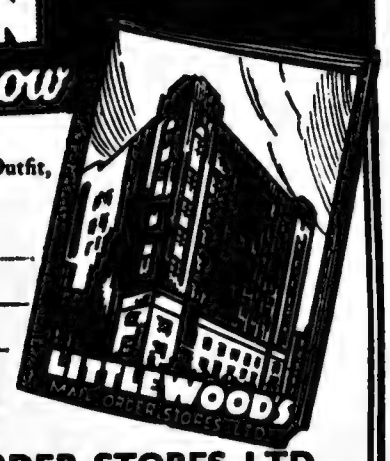
*Name*_____

*Address*_____

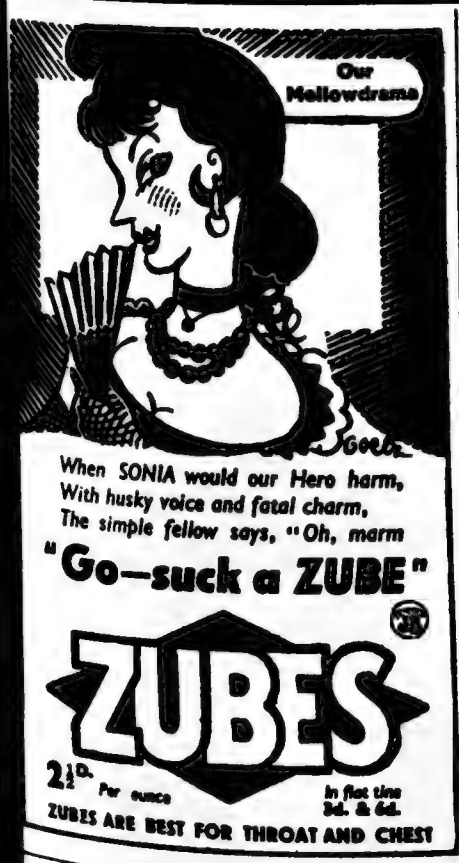
_____ *County*_____

WRITE IN BLOCK CAPITALS, in Pencil.

Post Coupon in unsealed envelope (½d. stamp) to



LITTLEWOOD'S MAIL ORDER STORES LTD.,
160-110, OLD HALL STREET, LIVERPOOL, 3. JB/4/M.R



When SONIA would our Hero harm,
With husky voice and fatal charm,
The simple fellow says, "Oh, marm

"Go—suck a ZUBE"

ZUBES

2½D. Per ounce

In flat tins 3d. & 6d.

ZUBES ARE BEST FOR THROAT AND CHEST

TERRIBLE BURNING AND ITCHING

Lifelong Sufferer from Eczema. Cuticura Healed.

"I have been a lifelong sufferer of the distressing malady eczema. It began with small pimples appearing on my ankles, and got worse when I went to work in the Mine. Finally the pimples scaled over and the burning sensation and itching were terrible. I have lost hours of sleep, and try as I might I could get no relief although I tried numerous remedies.

"I read an advertisement for Cuticura Soap and Ointment and as a last resort I sent for a free sample of each. They helped me so I purchased more and in two months I was completely healed." (Signed) William Wilkinson, 48, Coxon St., Bill-Quay-on-Tyne, Durham, Eng.

Use Cuticura to clear your skin.

Soap 1s., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Talcum 1s. 3d. For sample each address: F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charter-house Sq., London, E.C.1.

Cuticura Shaving Cream 1s. 6d. a tube.

FENNINGS' LUNG HEALERS

They assist the lungs to throw off all irritating matter and to regain health and vigour.

A COPY OF FENNINGS' "EVERY MOTHER'S BOOK" AND OF "EVERYBODY'S DOCTOR" WILL BE SENT POST FREE ON APPLICATION TO:
ALFRED FENNINGS, Cowes, I.W.

FOR COUGHS . . .
COLDS . . .
BRONCHITIS

SOLD IN BOXES AT 1/3 & 3/-

INSTANT RELIEF TO
SORE THROATS

The Great Remedy for SORE THROAT BRONCHITIS TONSILITIS CROUP WHOOPING COUGH LOSS of VOICE and all INFLAMMATORY affections of the THROAT and CHEST

Stop winter's dread procession of ailments and illnesses now. Apply Edgar's Lotion at the first sign of sore throat or chest, and so prevent the onset of any inflammatory trouble.

Edgar's Lotion gives immediate relief. This wonderful soothing balm instantly allays inflammation and saves you the pain from the strain of difficult breathing.

Mothers, Doctors and Nurses have used and proved Edgar's Lotion as an unfailing specific for years and years, since our grandmothers' days. Doctors, Nurses and Chemists declare it is still unsurpassed.

Apply Edgar's Lotion immediately for all respiratory complaints of either children or adults.

From all Chemists 3/-, or by post 3/6 direct from Sangers, Ltd., Agency Dept., 176, Drummond Street, London, N.W.1.

EDGAR'S LOTION
per 3/- bottle

Husky Throats
Quickly and pleasantly relieved with VICK LOZENGES 6d
DELIGHTFUL TO THE TASTE

LUMBAGO

"Since following out this remedy, I have never had even a single twinge of Lumbago Pain."
C. S., Bexley, Kent.

Anyone who had experienced the sudden, excruciating and paralysing pain of lumbago—attacking without warning in the middle of business or pleasure—would give anything to get rid of it or keep it at bay. Yet thousands have never yet consented to try "Thermogene" brand of Medicated Wadding, although it is lying ready to their hand and although the testimony of many a sufferer supports its simple, reasonable claims. Lumbago is a muscular trouble. The back, just above the pelvic-arch is a marvellous piece of natural engineering, where five layers of complicated muscles interlock and overlap. They are kept free-working and healthy by a constant and continued stream of fluid and fresh blood. When any cause, maybe a chill, maybe an accumulation of bodily poisons, checks the flow, congestion sets in, swiftly followed by alarming pain when the stiffening muscles try to move and are prevented. Until the poisonous material, the old foul blood, is moved away—so long will the pain continue. Constant warmth is needed. Only "Thermogene" can provide it—day and night while you sleep or work. "Thermogene" stimulates the tissues and the blood vessels, and so relieves the congestion. Unlike a poultice, "Thermogene" continues its beneficent work hour after hour, day after day—while you work and while you sleep—until the affected muscles regain perfect health and the whole system has built up its powers of resistance again. You need never feel hopeless in attacks of Lumbago if you will go to your chemist to-day and buy a packet of "Thermogene." It costs only 1s. 3d. or triple quantity 3s. (in Great Britain and Northern Ireland).

NO MORE GREY HAIR

If you are grey, you look much older than you should. Restore the natural youthful colour by using Valentine's Extract, which stains grey hair to any shade of brown, or to black. It is harmless, very lasting, and does not soil the linen.
Of Chemists, 1/3, 2/6 and 6/- per bottle; or direct, post free, from J.B., Valentine, 46a, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.1

VALENTINE'S WALNUT STAIN EXTRACT MADE IN ENGLAND

DANGER!

BEWARE the effects of Winter on your hands. Use **Glymiel Jelly** to soothe away roughness and cracks . . . to make your hands attractive and charming.

"I must express to you my appreciation of the marvellous benefit my hands have received from your **Glymiel Jelly** *after using only one week. I cannot describe the discomfort and pain I have suffered through chapped hands. I have tried heaps of lotions and ointments, but nothing has afforded me the relief and comfort that* **Glymiel Jelly** *has brought."*
Miss B—— L——, Manchester.

Get **Glymiel Jelly** from your Chemist, to keep YOUR hands soft, white, smooth.

GLYMIEL JELLY
Tubes, 3d. 6d., & 1/-

Speaking round the WORLD

"HULLO, Sydney! Cardiff is waiting for you. Is Melbourne ready?"

"Hullo! Is that Mr. Jones, of Cardiff? You're through to Melbourne."

That is the kind of thing you hear operators saying in the International Telephone Exchange, Faraday Building, London, if you are privileged, as I was the other day, to go over it.

For the International Exchange is the switchboard of the world—the one link between the telephone subscribers of every continent.

When California wants to speak to Australia, the call comes through London. When Sydney wants to speak to Cape Town, the call again comes through London. When Paris or any place on the Continent wants to speak to any place in North America, the same things happens.

If you ask Mr. Gibbs, who is in charge of the Exchange, what places he can get on the radio telephone, he will say: "Well, we can get most places. I'm certain we *can't* get the North Pole, but I wouldn't like to say definitely that we *can't* get any other place you like to ask us for." A joke, of course, but an hour or two spent in the Exchange makes you realise how near it is to the truth.

As I sat beside Mr. Gibbs at his "desk," a request came from Cape Town in South Africa to know if a call could be put through to Tokio in Japan.

Mr. Gibbs kept Mr. Shaw, who is in charge of the radio telephone in Cape Town, waiting while he made some inquiries about "circuits." Every user of the ordinary telephone is accustomed to getting good or bad "lines." On the radio telephone they speak of "circuits" in the same way.

Presently he told Mr. Shaw they were willing to *try* to get Tokio, but that they could not be sure of a good circuit. If the subscriber wished, they would do their best with the call, but they could not guarantee a satisfactory conversation.

Who wants Bulawayo?

Satisfactory calls, however, can be put through to the Philippine Islands, the Belgian Congo, Bermuda, Chili, Costa Rica, Java and Sumatra, Palestine, Beyrout, Saigon in French Indo-China, Guatemala in Central America, Hawaii, Lima in Peru, Bangkok, Bulawayo—just a few of the more remote spots it is now possible to reach on the telephone.

This world-wide range of telephonic communication has grown up in the last seven years. It was in January, 1927, that the first radio telephone was opened—to New York and Canada. Two years later we could ring up the Argentine. In 1930 came Sydney and "Ships at sea." The next year Brazil and New Zealand. In 1932 South Africa and Egypt were added, and early last year India.

In 1927 there was only one circuit to New York. Now there are four. In a rush period as many as twenty calls to New York will be put through in an hour, and the average length of a call is ten minutes.

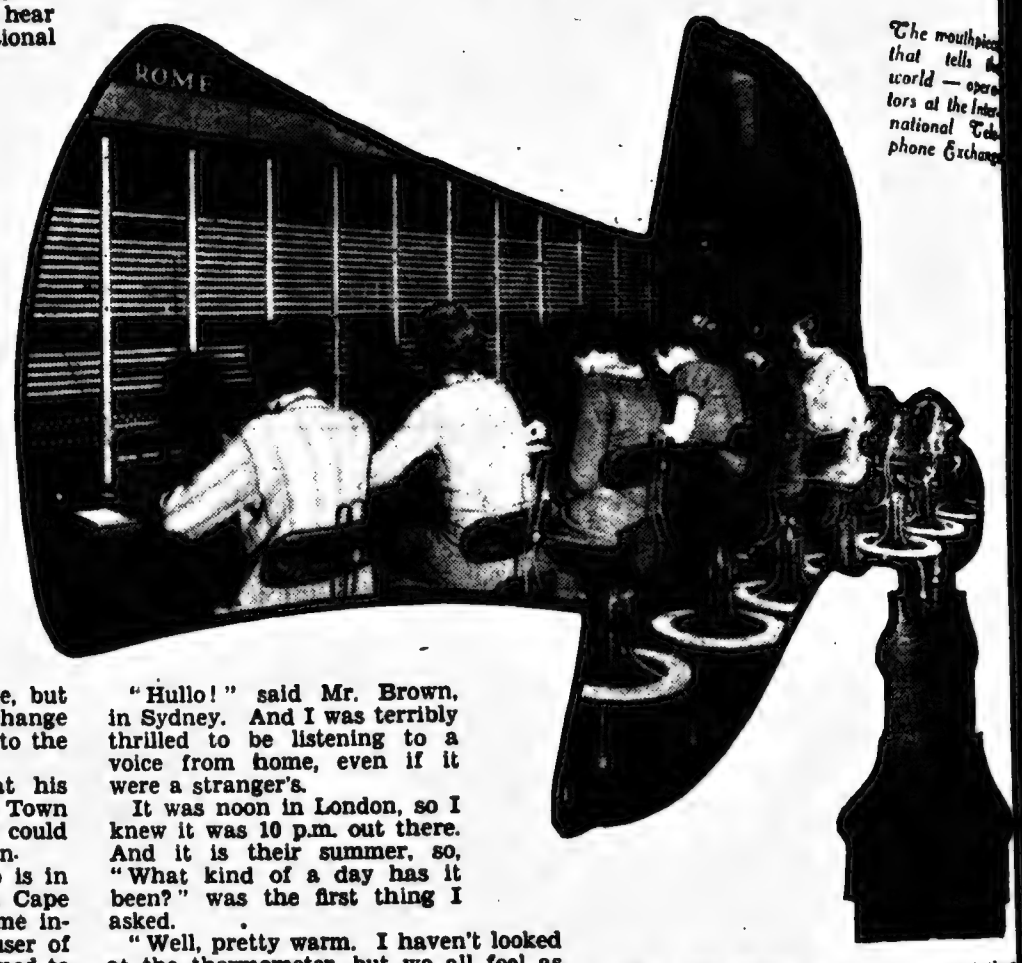
"Now," said Mr. Gibbs, "I'm going to let you speak round the world. Where would you like to begin?"

"Well," I replied, "I was born in Sydney and I haven't seen it for eleven years. I'd love to have a word with someone out there."

"Very well," he said; "we'll begin with Sydney."

In a few seconds he was talking to the officer in charge at Sydney.

"Hullo, Mr. Brown! I've got a journalist here who is writing an article about our radio telephone service. Will you be kind enough to speak to her for a minute or two, just to show her what we can do?"



The mouthpiece that tells the world — operators at the International Telephone Exchange

"Hullo!" said Mr. Brown, in Sydney. And I was terribly thrilled to be listening to a voice from home, even if it were a stranger's.

It was noon in London, so I knew it was 10 p.m. out there. And it is their summer, so, "What kind of a day has it been?" was the first thing I asked.

"Well, pretty warm. I haven't looked at the thermometer, but we all feel as if it's been round about 100 in the shade."

I told him about the fog we were having in London that morning, and that I hadn't seen Sydney for eleven years and that my mother lived there. So he offered to give her a message. Then, after more talk, we said good-bye.

It seemed to me like a miracle. I had just picked up an ordinary telephone receiver and had talked to someone in a country which was six weeks from England in a steamer when I made the journey.

How was it done? Well, as I spoke into the telephone, a land line carried my voice to Rugby. At Rugby a powerful transmitter put it "on the air." Sydney picked it up, Mr. Brown's reply was transmitted by Sydney, was picked up by an entirely different station in England, at Baldock in Hertfordshire, and brought by land line to London. And it all happens in split seconds.

A few more minutes and I was speaking to India . . . then to Cape Town, where it was afternoon.

By the time I was talking to New York we had got back to ten minutes to eight in the morning, and most of New York was thinking of breakfast.

International girls

Last came Montreal, where it was 8.12 a.m. and a cold, snowy morning—and the voice at that end said they preferred snow to our fog.

All the girls on the radio switchboard are picked operators. They can all speak four foreign languages—French, German, Spanish, Italian, as well as English—and a few can speak five.

London speaks the language of the country being called or some language like French or German, which is common to both.

One operator, Miss Jones, has been in the International Exchange ever since New York was first opened.

"I got a great kick out of that first day," she said. "It was difficult at first getting used to the way the American girls talked. When we say 'You're through,' we mean the subscriber is connected and can begin to talk. But if New York says 'You're through,' they mean you've finished your conversation. For our meaning they say 'Go ahead.'

"Then, when we say 'Try again,' we mean have *another* try. They mean do something different—try another way. When they say they've 'filed a call,' they mean they've put it in hand. We mean it has been put away in a file after being finished with."

For some reason due to the difficulties of transmission to very distant countries like Australia and New Zealand the radio telephone stations do not work during the whole of the twenty-four hours each day—and the time of working varies with the time of the year.

Talking to to-morrow

"Timed calls" are a very important part of radio telephone work, and the variation of time all over the world makes it very complicated.

For instance, Buenos Aires have their summer when we have our winter. Normally their time is four hours behind us. But they have summer time and so do we. In our summer we put our clocks forward and they put theirs back. And in their summer they put theirs forward and we put ours back.

"In fact," said Mr. Gibbs, "the only way of being quite sure what the time is in Buenos Aires is to ask them."

"Montevideo is even worse. They are half an hour ahead of Buenos Aires and they have no summer time. If we want to call Montevideo we get Buenos Aires and the call is relayed from there. And for a timed call, what with our summer time and Buenos Aires' summer time and Montevideo's half-hour ahead and no summer time, I can assure you it is very complicated."

The strangest call Mr. Gibbs ever supervised was one in which a subscriber living in To-day talked to a subscriber living in To-morrow. The call was 21,000 miles long, and was put in at Vancouver, in British Columbia, for Melbourne, Australia.

When the conversation took place it was 7 a.m. in Vancouver, 3 p.m. in London and 1 a.m. the next day in Melbourne.

D. C.

READERS OF "JOHN BULL" CAN'T CATCH 'FLU IF THEY WEAR THIS IODINE LOCKET

3,000 people wore this Iodine Locket last year, *and were kept entirely free from 'Flu and Colds.*

Ladies and children wear the locket round the neck, or attached to an undergarment. Men can carry it in the vest pocket. (It doesn't need to be actually next to the skin.)

Each locket is fully charged with pure iodine, and does not start to lose its strength for nine months. The iodine is slowly and continuously liberated by the heat of the body, and gently permeates the whole system. Where there is Iodine in the system *no 'flu or cold germ can live.* Not only are you absolutely immune from 'flu, but your health improves at the same time, because Iodine is Nature's own health-giver.

This article, referring to the use of iodine by a doctor, appeared last year in the *News-Chronicle* :—

(From our own Correspondent.)
Chesterfield, Sunday.

Hundreds of children and adults are wearing iodised lockets, and iodised diffusers have been placed in the public buses, with the result, it is claimed, that Chesterfield has suffered less from the influenza epidemic than any other town.

So certain is the action of the Idolok Iodine Locket that this remarkable GUARANTEE is given with each one, that *if any wearer of this Locket incurs one doctor's bill this winter through 'flu or cold the purchase price of the Locket will be refunded in full at once.*

Here is but one out of a big file of testimonials—from Mrs. McIvor, "Briar Bank," Criffel Road, Carlisle :—

"We have all kept free from 'flu and colds since wearing these Lockets. They are really marvellous."

And another from Mrs. L. G. Watts, Newburn-on-Tyne, Northumberland :—

"Please send three more Lockets. I want these for friends. My husband and I have been wearing one each and have never had a cold; we are turned 60 years."

(NOTE: This Iodine Locket has also been found to exert definite curative properties in all types of Rheumatic disorders —Neuritis, Sciatica, Lumbago, Gout and general rheumatic conditions.)

The Iodine Locket is very neatly enamelled, with a loop, and is about the size of a half-crown. Does not stain or scent the clothes.

Each Locket is freshly prepared in London and supplied *only by post.* Prices (post free) 1/9 for one, 4/6 for 3, 7/6 for 6. *Special quotations for larger quantities for schools and factories on application.*

The 'flu season is now starting. In your own interest you will be well advised to send for your Iodine Lockets now and be sure of complete immunity all this winter for yourself and your family.

For return post delivery :

USE THIS COUPON.

Post to J. W. SIMPSON, M.P.S., Chemist ("John Bull" Dept.), 34, Chapter St., London, S.W.1.

Dear Sir,—I enclose postal order (or cheque) for (state value)

.....

Please send by return of post (state quantity).....of your Iodine Lockets, under the conditions of your money-refund guarantee.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

J.B. .....

New Hair Growth

Now is the time to get Kotalko and see what it will do for YOUR HAIR. Try Kotalko if you are bald, if you have dandruff, if you are losing your hair. Legions of users report that Kotalko has succeeded when all else failed.
The secret lies in the use of certain rare herbal and other potent ingredients from the Three Kingdoms of Nature. These have remarkable action upon the hair glands and frequently induce a profuse hair growth upon bald heads that have hitherto resisted every attempt to induce new hair.

Thick, Strong Wavy, New Hair

"Before using Kotalko my hair was very weak and falling out in combfuls, although I had used several tonics. The scalp was almost bare on top. Thanks to Kotalko, my hair is now a thick mass of waves, very strong and looks much healthier."

M. J. MURPHY.

No More Bald Patches

"I had lost all my hair; it began to fall out in patches, and in a very short time I was completely bald.
Before many weeks' use of Kotalko I am once more a possessor of a head of thick new hair, the new growth having astonished my friends."

C. BENNETT.

Beautiful, Strong, New Hair

"Six months ago my hair began to fall out, and finally half of my hair had disappeared. There were bald patches all over my head.
I used Kotalko and Kotalko Soap, and am now pleased to say my head is once more covered with beautiful, strong hair of which I am very proud—and this after being almost bald. Now, instead of trying to make the hair grow, I am having it cut. I shall always recommend Kotalko and Kotalko Soap."

A. ROGERS.

100,000 TEST BOXES

Do you know that when your hair falls out, or comes out on the comb the roots DO NOT come also. They remain in the scalp and in very many cases can be invigorated and aided to grow new hair again even after a long time. Be sure to try Kotalko.

Are You Losing Hair—or Bald?

You may save time by purchasing a full-size box of Kotalko at a busy chemist's almost anywhere. Accept nothing else. Or if you wish, you may send threepence in stamps and receive from us a TESTING PACKAGE of KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP.

KOTALKO
TRUE HAIR GROWER

Fill in and Post this Coupon To-day.

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD.,
9, Percy Street (53.L), London, W.1.

Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose 3d. in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Castols

The safe, pleasant aperient for children and adults, approved by 24 years' experience. No discomfort. No change in diet necessary. Not habit-forming. Everybody needs a laxative occasionally—and everybody likes Castols. You will find them really good.

One Castol (three sections) is a dose for an adult. One or two sections for children according to age.

Only 2d. for a trial packet
Also 1/- and 1/10 tins
All Chemists

TEST TO-NIGHT— FEEL BETTER TO-MORROW

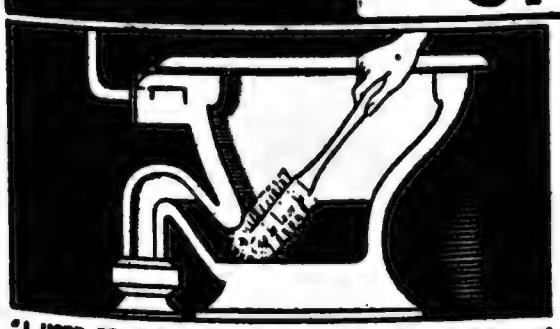
STOMACH PAINS and GALL STONES

Mrs. FRENCH, 23, Maxwell St., St. Helens, Lancs., writes :—"I suffered with intense Stomach Pains and the doctor said I also had Gall Stones. My family were concerned at my decline. As a last resource I was recommended to take Vitadatio, and after taking it 3 months I was a new woman. All that haggard listlessness is gone and I can enjoy life as I did before my illness."

Vitadatio

The world-renowned Herbal Tonic and Blood-purifier—has a remarkable record of successes in cases of Blood Trouble, Liver, Kidney and Stomach Complaints. If you are a sufferer—do not despair, Vitadatio has saved thousands of lives—it may save yours. There is no substitute for Vitadatio, it has succeeded in almost hopeless cases. GET A BOTTLE TO-DAY! Sold by Boots, Taylors', Timothy Whites, Chemists and Stores, 3/- and 5/- per bottle (per post 6d. extra in U.K.). Special 21/- bottles for export only, post free, from VITADATIO, No. 121, ARMLEY, LEEDS.

"THIS IS WHY I'M NOT ASHAMED OF MY LAVATORY NOW ....."



"I USED TO DO THIS—till I found that the old-fashioned brush *couldn't even reach the bend in the pipe* as Harpic does, so it couldn't possibly be expected to clean the lavatory-pan properly. Scrub as I would the brush was useless.

"NOW JUST THIS REGULAR SPRINKLE of Harpic cleans and disinfects the lavatory thoroughly and safely for me in one operation without disagreeable scrubbing, and *removes the cause of odours.* So I have thrown the brush away.

"A CLEAN SANITARY LAVATORY-PAN is ensured by the *strong disinfectant action* of Harpic. It kills germs and leaves the pan spotless—without unpleasant work, or dangerous acids. Harpic is a protection to your family's health."

HARPIC—CLEANS and DISINFECTS LAVATORY-PANS 6d. 1/- & 1/9 HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD. HULL AND LONDON —**HARPIC**

TWO MONTHS IN BED WITH GASTRIC 'FLU.

For a woman of 50 to be so bad with gastric 'flu that she was off her feet for over two months, with the doctor coming every day, and then to become a new woman simply by taking the pleasantest of all tonics—that is the story of Mrs. R. L. ..., of Poulett Rd., East Ham. This is what she says:

"I wish to write and let you know that at the age of 50 I have just had a very bad attack of gastric 'flu and have been taken off my feet for over two months, also doctor was coming in every day.

"I read about Wincarnis, and to my astonishment it has made a new woman of me. I am now fit and strong again and it has put new life into me: it is a most wonderful tonic for both young and old.

"I shall be only too pleased to let everyone know how glad I am I tried it, as, at my age, I am having change of life, and it is a great help to me."

If you are run down from any cause, if you are nervy or anæmic, start taking Wincarnis to-day. You will love its bouquet and aroma, and it has actually received over 20,000 recommendations from medical men.

STOMACH PAINS CEASE IN 5 MINUTES.

Remarkable letter from Coventry.

A letter does not have to be long to tell a wonderful story. And this is a wonderful story for you if you know what it is to suffer from stomach trouble. It is from Mr. J. E. Richards, of 84, Shakespeare Street, Stoke, Coventry.

"Thank you very much for Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. After suffering great pain I was surprised that 5 minutes after taking the first dose the pain was less severe. I have since purchased 2 bottles, and am pleased to say that I am quite well again. I shall always keep a bottle by me, I have also recommended it to other sufferers and shall continue to do so. You can make any use you like of this letter."

If you, too, have suffered agonies from indigestion for years, why not try the way Mr. Richards found so effective?

But be sure to ask your chemist for the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder or Tablets under that exact name with the signature "ALEX C. MACLEAN." It is not sold loose, but only in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles in cartons, of Powder or Tablets.

WRITE DIRECT THE BIG TWO NO AGENTS

LINCOLN AND NATIONAL

SEND FOR

LIST OF OFFICIAL ENTRIES

Long odds quoted for every horse.

LETTER COMMISSIONS FROM 1/-

up to any amount accepted

In accordance with rules.

Commissions bearing a time stamp not later than the set time of any race will be on at Full Starting Price or Totalisator Returns as desired.

WINNINGS BY RETURN

THE "BIG TWO"

"CHALLENGER" FIXED PRICE FOOTBALL LISTS

6-LEAGUE 5-LEAGUE 4-LEAGUE

NOTHING BARRED
NOTHING STARRED

Send for particulars of the "Big Two"

FREE WRITING SET

FOUNTAIN PEN and PENCIL

to match in presentation case.

DAVID COPE

& ALFRED H. MAURICE, LTD.,
227, BATH STREET, GLASGOW, C.2

THE WARNING I Wish I'd HEEDED

THE specialist pronounced his verdict. Nothing organically wrong, but I needed a good rest and must give up work for a few months. I protested that this was impossible, but he tersely remarked, "If you don't, you will collapse."

Six months later his prophecy came true. I had ignored his counsel and the result was a complete breakdown in health.

Years of suffering which followed proved to me that health, indeed, comes before wealth, and is the only sure foundation of happiness.

I have learnt by bitter experience the folly of exhausting this precious possession.—*"Wiser," Birmingham.*

Blown Up

My brother and I were going to remove a huge stone half-buried in the garden, with the aid of dynamite, but my mother caught us in time, and warned me of the grave danger attached to such a game.

But that stone fascinated me, so I bided my time, and one afternoon, when the coast was clear, I set to work.

The stone went all right, so did two fingers of my left hand. To this day those missing extremities remind me of my mother's warning.—*D. I. O., Swansea.*

Broken "God"

The Dastur Festival was being held in India, and although I had received orders not to go near the main street, curiosity made me ignore the warning, and go and see it.

As I stood watching the procession go by, someone pushed me, and I staggered against a native carrying a queer-looking figure.

Almost immediately I was pounced on by a crowd of natives, for I had broken their god. Scars on my body to this day make me wish that I had heeded the warning given me.—*H. D., Glasgow.*

Nervous Wreck

My nephew, an orphan, was a tiresome boy of four, and to punish him I used to lock him in his bedroom. My neighbour repeatedly warned me against this, but I never heeded.

One day I couldn't unlock the door, and my nephew, very frightened, screamed and screamed, until I eventually procured a ladder and got in through the window.

The boy was in hysterics, and for years was a nervous wreck. He has outgrown it now, but had I heeded my neighbour's warning I should have been saved years of worry and regret.—*E. K. H., Streatham.*

Harmful Toy

"Hands up or I shoot," warned my five-year-old son as he pointed his toy air-gun at me. I just chuckled and told him that his dad was no coward.

He innocently pulled the trigger and I felt a sharp pain in my arm.

A surgeon removed the pellet, and as I lay in hospital I had ample time in which to reflect upon the rapidity with which I should have heeded my son's warning, had I but known that children could purchase such harmful weapons under the guise of toys.—*"Now Careful," Perry Bar.*

Jealousy

Although I had known my sweetheart for over two years, and thought the world of her, it is strange to say my treatment of her was far from what it ought to have been, unreasonable jealousy being the main cause.

My parents noticed my attitude, and warned me that I should lose her if I was not careful, but I did not take heed. Eventually we parted, and now she is married happily, I believe, to another man.

I learn there is no love like first love, and I have since regretted taking no heed of my parents' warnings.—*D. M., Yorks.*

—by—

LETTER PARLIAMENT

Contributors

ORIGINAL letters upon the subject below not exceeding 100 words are invited. 10s. will be paid for each letter published. 2s. 6d. for "Shorts." Envelopes marked "Letter Parliament," must reach 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, by first post *Tuesday, February 6.*

The Best Good Turn Ever Done Me.

Lost Heavily

When I was a bookmaker on Epsom Downs I was accosted one day by a young gipsy, and annoyed with his persistence, I cuffed him.

A gipsy woman strode up, and saying something in a strange tongue, took a black crucifix from the bosom of her dress, and striking me lightly on the shoulder, said in English, "Come to Epsom, come to ruin."

I laughed at the "warning off," but at every Epsom fixture since the occurrence, I have lost heavily. It may have been coincidence, but I cannot now help wishing I'd heeded that gipsy warning.—*H. B., Brighton.*

Neglected Request

Drawing hutches to my father in a local colliery, I reported for work on the back-shift, after having imbibed too freely.

My father did not realise my condition, and we proceeded to our work as usual.

During the shift he warned me to fix up a prop, before leaving with a hutch, as there were slight rumblings overhead, but in my befogged state I neglected his request.

As a consequence, he lost his life through a fall.—*S. M., Glasgow.*

Expensive Lesson

Friends of mine had invested money with a man who paid between 5 and 10 per cent. weekly. It was too good to be true, but seeing the interest paid week after week, it was naturally a great temptation.

I consulted my father, who said it was far too mysterious to be genuine, but eventually I wrote for particulars and was informed that owing to the great increase of investors, the smallest sum that could be accepted was £50. I sent it, received interest for one week, then heard no more. I consider I paid dearly for my lesson.—*"Easy Prey," Glamorgan.*

Lifelong Cripple

"Don't take Peter bird-nesting," said his mother. Peter was only fourteen; his brother and I were sixteen, and we were off that first morning of the school holiday to try to get one egg from the raven's nest built high in the cliff.

Peter wanted to join us, and after much persuasion we gave in to him.

We were all three well up on the rocks, when some loose earth slid down from just below our feet. We turned, and, without warning, Peter crashed to the bottom. He has never walked since and is never likely to again.—*F. K. E., Waterbeach.*

No Hero

Disregarding the advice of three fishermen, I went out for a sail, taking my young brother with me. Soon after we got outside the harbour we were caught in a terrific Channel gale, and my little yacht was dismasted, and damaged beyond repair.

The lifeboat had to put out for us, and found my young brother unconscious, he eventually developing pneumonia.

The crowd cheered when we got back, but I knew I was no hero: I felt thoroughly ashamed of myself.—*R. T., Paignton.*

* * *

My mother warned me before I went for the first time to the ice rink not to try and appear "big." I thought I would show the professionals what an amateur could do and ungracefully sat on my thumb, straining it very badly.—*B. F. A., Birmingham.*

I took no notice of the automatic signals, when one night I was in a hurry. Six weeks in hospital gave me ample time to wish I'd been more attentive to warnings.—*L. I. W., Kettering.*

"Beware of the Dog" is the warning I wish I'd heeded. To my great sorrow I lost the seat of my trousers.—*"Heedful," Erdington.*

When, after crawling from a slimy ditch, I remembered my brother's words: "Leave cycling with hands off the handlebars to other fools."—*A. C., Yorks.*

FOOTBALL SELECTIONS

By our Expert—for Matches played on February 3

THE LEAGUE—DIVISION I.

(1) WEDNESDAY v. Blackburn.
(2) SUNDERLAND v. Villa.
*(3) W. B ALBION v. Leeds.
(4) Liverpool v. HOTSPUR.
(5) Arsenal v. Everton.
(6) BIRMINGHAM v. Newcastle.
(7) CHELSEA v. Leicester.
**(8) DERBY v. Stoke.
(9) HUDDERSFIELD v. Wolverhampton.
(10) MANCHESTER C. v. Middlesbro'.
**(11) PORTSMOUTH v. Sheffield U.

SECOND DIVISION.

*(1) PRESTON v. West Ham.
(2) BRADFORD v. Forest.
(3) SWANSEA v. Blackpool.
(4) BRENTFORD v. Bolton.
*(5) BURNLEY v. Manchester U.
(6) BURY v. Hull City.
(7) Lincoln v. Fulham.
(8) MILLWALL v. Southampton.
(9) Notts County v. BRADFORD C.
*(10) OLDHAM v. Plymouth.
(11) Port Vale v. Grimsby.

SOUTHERN SECTION.

(1) GILLINGHAM v. Boscombe.
*(2) NORTHAMPTON v. Newport.
(3) Torquay v. Q. P. Rangers.
*(4) ALDERSHOT v. Bristol C.
(5) BRIGHTON v. Orient.
(6) BRISTOL R. v. Watford.
(7) C. Palace v. Charlton.
**(8) EXETER v. Cardiff.
(9) LUTON v. Norwich.
(10) Southend v. READING.
(11) Swindon v. COVENTRY.

NORTHERN SECTION.

**(1) GATESHEAD v. Mansfield.
(2) Rotherham v. STOCKPORT.
**(3) WALSALL v. Carlisle.
(4) CHESTERFIELD v. Tranmere.
(5) Accrington v. BARNSLEY.
(6) Chester v. Doncaster.
*(7) CREWE v. Rochdale.
(8) Darlington v. Hartlepools.
(9) N. Brighton v. HALIFAX.
(10) Southport v. Wrexham.
(11) York City v. BARROW.

SCOTTISH CUP.—ROUND 2.

(1) E. Stirling v. Arbroath.
*(2) Third Lanark v. RANGERS.
(3) ROSS COUNTY v. Galston.
(4) COWDENBEATH v. St. Bernard.
**(5) ABERDEEN v. Dundee.
(6) Alloa v. HIBERNIAN.
(7) AYR UNITED v. Celtic.
(8) Brechin City v. ST. MIRREN.
(9) Albion Rovers v. KILMARNOCK.
(10) Hamilton v. FALKIRK.
(11) Queen's Park v. HEARTS.
(12) Partick v. MOTHERWELL.
(13) Vale of Leithen v. ST. JOHNSTONE.
Queen of South, a bye.

SPECIAL STAR CODE

As injuries to players and consequent alterations in teams may affect the chances of different clubs, we shall publish last-minute JOHN BULL selections in code in the *Daily Herald* and *Sporting Life* each Friday morning.

Example Code.—Div. I.—8 (*H*); Div. II.—9 (*A*); Southern Section—4 (*H*); Northern Section—3 (*H*); Scottish Cup—5 (*H*) would indicate Derby, Bradford City, Aldershot, Walsall and Aberdeen.

Discriminating punters have come to rely upon the magnificent Football Pool Chart which appears in the *Sporting Life* every Thursday.

It gives at a glance all you need to know about matches played, results, points, form and forecasts. If you would like a specimen copy of the chart, send a card to: *Sporting Life*, 68, Long Acre, London, W.C.

"Dr. MULLER" Brand

Concentrated Nerve Food

EATEN LIKE FOOD

A Healthy Nerve

Recreates the Mental and Physical Powers of Exhausted Constitutions

If stress of work, anxiety, or ill-health are forcing you down the hill which leads to mental and physical degeneration you can, and should, arrest the downward progress. Nothing is more effective for this purpose than the brand of concentrated nerve food advocated by Dr. Muller, which is far and away the best in its class. No cooking or preparation is required. You simply eat four or five pieces a day, any time, but preferably after meals. Keep this practice up for a few weeks and you will not know yourself as the same person.

Nerve Exhaustion is "starvation" of the nerve cells: the sufferer cannot extract from his daily food a sufficiency of the precious concentrated Nutrient the nerve cells live and thrive upon. Dr. Muller's preparation is identical with the natural nutrient the brain and nerve cells live and thrive upon. It is a marvellous reconstructive in mental and physical exhaustion and revitalizes the brain and nerve centres in a natural way.

If you send your name and address, a sample box, sufficient for seven days, will be sent post free, together with a copy of "The Way to Health," of which 390,000 copies have been circulated. Write: 105P, The Muller Laboratories, 37, Manchester St., Manchester Square, London, W.1.

THE DR. MULLER NUTRIENT BRAND OF CONCENTRATED NERVE FOOD IS SOLD BY ALL GOOD CHEMISTS.

HERB GLYSOPHATE.—New Vegetable Product for Constipation. Wonderful Results. All Chemists 2/6, or from Depot, 37, Manchester Street, London, W.1.

"John Bull" Guarantee

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All goods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Literally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fide of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull"

"Terrible Cough . . practically gone . . after *two* applications"

"I have never previously written a letter of this description, but I am sending you this because your Musterole Brand Ointment has so often helped me and I feel you deserve some expression of appreciation.

"A chemist recommended it two years ago when my husband had a bad chest cold with a terrible cough. After two or three applications the cough was practically gone. He said he could feel the Musterole loosening the congestion. In a few days he was perfectly fit.

STOPPED 'FLU!

"Since then we have been regular users and only last week I am sure I stopped an almost certain attack of influenza with it."—Yours faithfully, (Mrs.) J. M. S.

That terrible, tearing sort of cough can be loosened at once by the deep-penetrating warmth of this clean, white ointment. Just rub it on the chest. You feel its tingling warmth sinking in. It goes deep down, reaches the congestion, disperses it, gives ease at once, relief after a few applications. Your chemist stocks it. Buy a jar today.

MUSTEROLE BRAND

MUSTARD OINTMENT Made in England

THOS. CHRISTY & CO. (Sole Distributors), 4-12 Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4

PSORIASIS

YOUR SKIN AND YOUR SCALP.

Have done with Psoriasis.

As the result of years of research and practical experience, a splendid Treatment has been evolved for this distressing malady of Psoriasis. This treatment is giving unbounded satisfaction to hundreds of present and former sufferers. The results are truly astonishing.

Stubborn cases which have defied all efforts for years rapidly yield to this grand Treatment. Those Psoriasis spots and patches on the arms, legs and body which cause you such despair soon fade away, and instead you get a new, clean, healthy skin, same as you used to have.

The scurf and inflamed pimples and matted scales on your head quickly subside, and a beautifully clear scalp with healthy hair growth is your reward.

The Treatment is easy to use and brings remarkable and gratifying results. No matter what else has failed you, this Treatment will give you full satisfaction.

Write to-day for a most interesting illustrated publication which gives full particulars of this splendid Treatment, and is sent free to sufferers.

Address your letter to Superintendent,

NATIONAL SKIN INSTITUTE (Ward 5.C.)

Great Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester.

Build your own 3 valve radio set for 29/6

with the TELSEN "323" Kit

Easy to build—Simple to operate—and by far the cheapest set to buy—that's the Telsen "323." It is the most amazing value in radio history. You don't have to know anything about radio to build it. All you do is follow the stage-by-stage instructions inside every Kit—and it's built! Get a Telsen "323" Kit from your radio dealer to-morrow.

GET "THE MODERN RADIO ENGINEER"—3d. ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

TELSEN ELECTRIC CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM.

STOP THAT SNEEZING & SNIFFLING WITH 'ASPRO'

Head colds with their attendant coughing—sneezing and dizziness are about. They can definitely be stopped quickly with 'ASPRO.' The reason is because 'ASPRO' reduces feverishness in a few minutes and has a soothing influence on the nerves. The attendant congestion is relieved—irritability soothed away—the temperature reduced. The result is that after one or two doses of 'ASPRO' you will be quite free from your cold. Definite relief follows the first dose. So you see there's no need to put up with colds. It costs little to try 'ASPRO,' so why not try it?

REMEMBER—FEVERISH COMPLAINTS YIELD TO 'ASPRO'

'ASPRO' AS A GARGLE

Two 'ASPRO' tablets in four tablespoonfuls of water make an excellent gargle for sore throat, tonsilitis, and act as a deterrent

HUSBAND AND LITTLE GIRL BANISH COLDS

Middlesex.

Dear Sirs,

I feel I must write how pleased I am with the results of the box of 'ASPRO' tablets which I purchased on the 14th inst. My husband and little girl had each contracted a cold, which readily yielded to the 'ASPRO' treatment.

I shall be most happy to recommend them to my friends.

I am, Yours faithfully, M. J. (Mrs.).

COLD BANISHED IN ONE NIGHT

Hillside Stores, Lawford, Essex.

Dear Sir,

I feel that I must write and tell you that your 'ASPRO' banished my cold the other week. I took two 'ASPRO' tablets and hot lemon before retiring at night and got up in the morning a new man.

Yours gratefully, C. MAYTHORN.

ALL LEADING CHEMISTS AND STORES STOCK AND DISPLAY 'ASPRO.'

ASPRO REG. TRADE MARK

Made by ASPRO Ltd., Slough, England

TRY 'ASPRO' FOR

INFLUENZA
HEADACHES
SLEEPLESSNESS
NEURALGIA
SCIATICA
GOUT
RHEUMATISM
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
TOOTHACHE
COLDS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
NEURITIS
HAY FEVER
NERVE SHOCK
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
MALARIA
ASTHMA

HOW TO GIVE 'ASPRO' TO THE KIDDIES

Two simple methods of giving 'ASPRO' to the kiddies are: (a) with a little milk; or (b) break the tablet up and administer in a teaspoonful of jam. The dose is: children 3 to 6 years, ½ tablet; 6 to 14 years, 1 tablet; 14 to 18 years, 1½ tablets. 'ASPRO' like any other medicine should not be given to babies under 3 years of age without medical advice.

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.

Agents: GOLLIN & CO. PTY. LTD. ('Aspro' Dept.), SLOUGH, BUCKS. *'Phone: Slough 608.*

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

PRICES 3D. 6D. 1/3 2/6

SOLVE THIS PUZZLE AND WIN "JOHN BULL'S" GIANT X-WORD FORTUNE!

£1,000

★ MONSTER CASH FIRST PRIZE ★

EXTRA .. £100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP

FURTHER .. £100 BETWEEN ALL RUNNERS-UP FROM WHOM WE RECEIVED TWO 6D ENTRIES IN THE SAME ENVELOPE ...

ADDED AWARDS FOR ALL RUNNERS-UP

SEASON TICKET · PROVIDING 80 FREE 6D ENTRIES FOR OUR CROSSWORD

VALUE £2

247

TO fill in carefully the 45 blank spaces of the entertaining puzzle below will take you less than an hour—and you will enjoy the job.

In return, it may be "John Bull's" pleasure to present you with the last great £1,000 First Prize of the present series, heralding your success with a thrilling telegram only seven days after the closing date.

In addition to this fine First Prize, there will be £200 cash to be shared among Runners-up on the plan outlined above. And each Runners-up award carries with it an additional prize of a Crossword Season Ticket, providing a free entry for our Contest for 80 weeks to come.

Be quick if you want this £1,000 fortune to shower its blessings on you, for this Contest is open only until noon, Thursday, February 8.

JOHN BULL will pay £1,000 for a correct solution on one square of the puzzle below. Failing a correct solution, the prize will be awarded to the reader whose entry is the nearest correct solution. An additional £100 will be divided between those competitors who enter squares containing one error only, or only one error more than the winning solution. An extra Bonus of £100 will be divided between Runners-up from whom we have received two sixpenny coupons in same envelope. A Season Ticket providing 80 Free entries to our Crossword Contest will be added to every Runners-up prize. Solution of puzzle will be published in JOHN BULL on sale Thursday, February 15, and winner in JOHN BULL on sale, Thursday, February 22.

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 247—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 8, 1934

JB·247

JB·247

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6D.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

CUT ROUND THESE DOTTED LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No. 247—CLOSING (NOON) THURSDAY, FEB. 8, 1934

JB·247

JB·247

In entering this Competition, I agree to abide by the Editor's decision as final in all matters appertaining thereto, and enclose

P.O. value..... No. .....

Readers in Scotland ineligible. See Rule 5.

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1/-

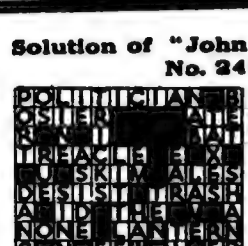
SIGNED.....

ADDRESS .....

.....

£5,000 CASH MUST BE WON NEXT WEEK

Solution of "John Bull" X-Word No. 245.



JB·245

Winners in X-Word No. 244 appear on Page 29. The solution of "John Bull" Crossword No. 245 is given herewith as a matter of interest to our Crossword Competitors. We wish to emphasise that no claims are required, as all entries are carefully examined by our staff.

STUDY THESE CLUES

ACROSS

1. Sun makes ice do this
4. One indefinitely
6. Toothed wheel
8. Before
9. Is laid on a grave
10. Language [illegible] speaks
11. Dominion
13. Wooden outbuilding
16. Card game for kiddies
18. They suffer from snobbishness
20. Beer is brewed in this
21. Parts with his money reluctantly
24. Artful
25. Number of first clue
26. Father smokes one
27. Animal closely resembling man
28. Often seen on price ticket
29. They wash our shores
30. Adam's allotment
31. Has good head on it
32. Often gets on the carpet

DOWN

1. Are missed when you're down
2. Make a mistake
3. When yours ends, you have to go
4. Part of a circle
5. A true one never varies
6. Watch is on the end of this
7. This sticks firmly when properly set
9. You may be embarrassed if it comes unstuck
12. One that tells fibs
14. Often leads to criminal's arrest
15. What amateur gardener does in the garden
16. May result from seeing something unexpected
17. Strong one carries most weight
18. Stewards are often associated with these
19. Speak
20. Thin layer of wood
22. South African hill
23. Years between twelve and twenty
24. One way you may measure length
27. Often goes into wood
28. Grows in a pod

READ THESE RULES AND CONDITIONS

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil, cut out the whole entry form, whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry fee for two squares is SIXPENCE—for Four Squares send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O., and fill in the number upon Entry Form; send Entry Form by post, as directed, to reach us not later than NOON Thursday, February 8.

2.—In addition to the two sixpenny entry forms on this page, each entrant may submit TWO EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette." No entrant may submit more than TWO ENTRY FORMS from this page, plus TWO from "Crossword Gazette." Squares left incomplete, mutilated, indistinct or altered will be disqualified. No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winners of this contest will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, February 22. Should any competitor not announced as a winner have entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post Tuesday, March 6, in accordance with directions given with result. Any such scrutiny, which may amend the result, must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the additional award of £100 to be divided between the Runners-up. Competitors should note that errors are computed according to the number of words which wrongly answer the clues given.

4.—In the event of a tie, a prize will be divided, but no competitor may receive more than one award per contest.

5.—Readers in Scotland are debarred from and cannot enter this competition. Any entry form bearing an address in Scotland will be disqualified.

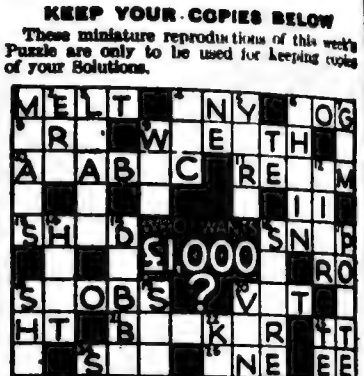
6.—Failure to comply with any of the conditions involves disqualification.

7.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

NO CLAIMS REQUIRED

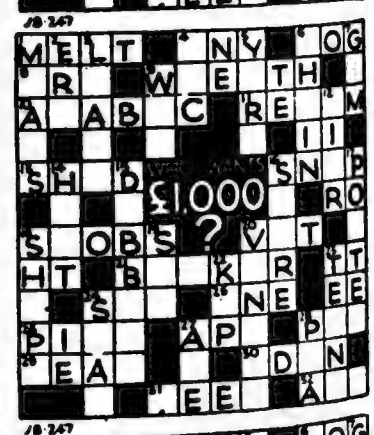
KEEP YOUR COPIES BELOW

These miniature reproductions of this week's Puzzle are only to be used for keeping copies of your Solutions.



JB·247

JB·247



JB·247

JB·247

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZE

A special prize of £5 will be awarded to the Newsagent from whom this contest's first prize winner usually purchases his copy of "John Bull." Should the first prize be shared the £5 will be divided between sharers. Newsagents

ENTRY FEE
With two squares send P.O. for SIXPENCE. With four squares send P.O. for ONE SHILLING See Rule 1.

Address Entry
"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORDS No. 247, 57, Long Acre, W.C.2 London. (Comp.

The EDITOR LAUGHS LAST

N.D. (Sevenoaks).—"Stepping out in the garden, I received a terrific blow in the face, though not a living soul was traced . . ." This is our artist's solution to the mystery

MEDICO (Hull).—"The sensations felt when drowning are a hundred times more unpleasant than sea-sickness." This is discouraging news for *mal-de-mer* victims who pray for the ship to go down.

H. M. (London, S.).—"The bullet grazed my scalp." A parting shot.

A. V. E. (Aston).—"Is suicide a disease?" If so, it is incurable.

W. D. (Staines).—"I was hit by a horseshoe on my wedding day." Hard luck.

JACK (Portsmouth).—"What is your idea of a clean sport?" Swimming.

E. M. (Acton).—"Young jockeys must have good characters." Stable lads.

A. J. (Preston).—"The clock trade is gone for." Needs winding up?

MOTORIST (Aberdeen).—"I run my car as cheaply as I can." And don't give a hoot for anything?

WRITER (Shelford).—"You seem to think you can sit on my jokes with impunity." We can; they have no point.

VOCALIST (Haverhill).—"At an audition I was complimented on my amazing compass." And advised to use it at sea?

GLADYS P. (Plaistow, E.).—"I often fly into a passion." You need your wings clipped.

DAISY (Greenock).—"He is the nicest boy-friend I have ever had." And is he aware that he is being had?

W. L. (Stoke).—"I have been a master plotter for forty years." You deserve a trip.

B. T. N. (Leeds).—"Perhaps one can't dope for brains in musicians." No; just sound sense.

TIM (Bristol).—"I am advised that the best thing I can do is to become reconciled to my wife." And the next best?

NINETY-ODD (Wrexham). — "Woman's charm is not what it used to be," But her age often is.

W. B. (Upminster).—"Should a man go out with his doctor's wife?" Not unless she carries an apple in his pocket.

A. M. N. (Hull).—"Who wants a book of poems written by myself, for 2s. 6d.?" Yes; who, indeed?

R. T. (Truro).—"Why do some people live in big houses and yet owe money all round?" Because there are no square inches.

F. M. (Long Acre).—"Do you realise that I live only a stone's-throw from your office?" No, but we'll take your word for it rather than you should prove it.

G. T. (Los Angeles).—"The young stars of Hollywood make many a young man lose his head." So does the old moon over in England.

G. B. (Cambridge).—"Twice in one week I've been knocked over by motorists." And you've that nasty run-down feeling?

F. G. (Southall).—"A violent explosion made all the crockery rattle in a London house, and shook several pictures from the walls." It isn't wise, of course, to suppress a sneeze as long as that.

TED C. (Basingstoke).—"It takes longer to shave one side of the face than the other." That's the side we are shaving when six people simultaneously decide to call us on the 'phone.

SPORTSMAN (London, W.).—"I am what is known as a top-gear man." A hatter?

S. R. (Bradford).—"John declares that when he gazes into my eyes time stands still." See letter below.

J. R. (Bradford).—"My wife has a face that would stop a clock." See letter above.

P. N. P. (Tring).—"Some people lay aside money to pay their future bills." Others lay aside bills to pay with future money.

MRS. J. (Reading).—"If the baby doesn't thrive on milk warm from the cow, boil it." It sounds rather drastic to us.

E. N. (Chelsea).—"I saw a man in Hyde Park wearing a square monocle the other day." Quite a unique spectacle.

S. R. (Towcester).—"Why do such a lot of people go skating directly ice forms?" It would be useless to go before.

C. R. (Woodhead).—"What does the average man get through the week on?" Saturday.

B. B. (Thorne).—"A woodman recently felled twenty trees in an hour." No doubt a woman motorist will soon beat this.

D. K. (Hanley).—"I work for long hours." Nonsense, they are all sixty minutes.

A. H. (St. Moritz).—"Waiters at an hotel here go about on ice skates." Do they say they have just slipped up if rebuked about a heavy bill?

O. T. (Kilburn).—"It is my opinion that wherever he starts, the right man can always rise to the top." Try starting at the bottom of a down-coming escalator.

OLD SOLDIER (Deal).—"Is there anything a good soldier cannot scrounge?" Well, we've never heard of one stealing a march.

H. R. (Birmingham).—"A sergeant of the police here recently added to his B.Sc. qualification that of Bachelor of Law." Evidently he is after promotion by degrees.

WORRIED (S.W.11).—"How can I make sure that my will won't be disputed when I am dead?" Leave everything to your lawyers.

HOME-BIRD (Tipton).—"My wife leaves me to clear away the tea things." After you have helped to put away the tea, we presume.

C. H. T. P. (Leytonstone).—"As we sat on the sofa she put her head back and blew out rings of smoke, which floated gracefully up to the ceiling." And did you take the hint to propose?

F. N. (Rochester).—"Success in any profession cannot be achieved unless you keep on your toes." This is particularly true of ballet dancing.

P. M. (Rochester).—"Beards are coming back." That's so. Every morning.

E. M. (Highgate).—"Taxis are to be fitted with radio sets." We doubt if a passenger would extract any comfort from the sweetest crooner while the clock was ticking during a traffic jam.

DENTIST (Newcastle).—"When my wife is my patient I make her take gas." It must be a great pleasure to see her mouth wide open and yet hear nothing!

THEATREGOER (Liverpool).—"I made rather a bad mistake at a Shakespearean play the other night." Did you shout "Author! Author!"?

J. C. (Wrexham).—"Nobody can help being thrilled by the baying of foxhounds." Except the fox!

C. N. (Ilford).—"My lawyer was run over by a 'bus and recovered in a few hours." Yes, but how much?

T. M. (Worcester).—"How can I retire on my capital?" Put it under your mattress.

M. V. (Saltash).—"Youth must be got into harness." What's the use, if it only kicks over the traces.

A. J. A. (Portrush).—"Women are better at making limericks than men." Yes, the art is getting in the last word.

R. L. (Chester).—"My letters are nothing if not brief." At last we are able to advise a correspondent not to be brief.

B. F. T. (Essex).—"I am fed up with my ground job at the aerodrome." You'll ask for a rise?

EDITH (Westerham).—"When a fire broke out in the kinema, I jumped up and sang 'Thora.'" And how many were injured in the rush to escape?

MUSICIAN (Kingston).—"After waiting two years for a job in my own profession I've finished up in a restaurant." Waiting?

F. E. E. (York).—"Women are never afraid of gossiping." The only gossiping a woman hates is when age begins to tell on her.

T. G. E. (Walthamstow).—"All I have now is a small Army pension." Enlist in the *Bullets* battalion this week—a cheque for £3,000, plus a £1,000 Life Policy, would pack up all your troubles.

BETTY (Foxton).—"Our Parliamentary candidate is such a dear that I could kiss him." Well, later on you can give him a X.

BERTIE (Mayfair).—"Jazz-band crooners are often very proud young men." They certainly believe in yearning their own living.

SCEPTIC (Bloomsbury).—"Every confounded thing to-day seems to be opened with prayer." Oh! no; you have failed to remember sardine tins.

G. K. L. (Chicago).—"In the States we have actually a school giving instructions as to the best means of obtaining a divorce." Co-respondent courses?

B. H. (Hatfield).—"I tried to flirt with a girl and she called a policeman." You were lucky. Most girls in such cases call a clergyman.

F. N. (Yarmouth).—"I am anxious to halve my wife's allowance, but do not know the best way to do it." Try dividing it by two.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day. The replies given on this page to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

ERNIE : *by Jane Noël and R. J. Bailey*

HOW TO HAVE A CLEAR HEAD.

At Last, Here is What You Have so Long Been Seeking.

Four Cigarettes Sent Free.

Do you get up in the morning with a stopped-up nose? Are your breathing passages clogged with a cold? Does your head feel choked up and dull? Have you that low-spirited feeling which comes from lack of proper oxygen? If, so here is a pleasant, harmless cigarette that will clear out the head, nose and throat.

These cigarettes are the formula of the late Dr. J. W. Blosser, and are composed of medicinal herbs, flowers and berries.

Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes contain no tobacco, nothing habit forming, and are entirely harmless. They are used by women and children as well as men. These are not to be confused with the "cubeb" or other similar cigarettes.

It is so simple to inhale this pleasant and soothing smoke. Much more convenient than using sprays, washes, douches, etc.

Write immediately to Dr. Blosser, Ltd.; (Dept. 121, C.H.), Temple Chambers, Temple Avenue, London, E.C.4, and you will receive a trial package by return post. Enjoy a delightful surprise by having a clear head.

The small size package, containing 20 cigarettes, is sold by all chemists at 1s. 6d.

"EXTRA STRONG."—Chemists have packages of 20 cigarettes retailing for 1s. 6d. per packet, of an extra strong Dr. Blosser's Cigarettes for advanced cases of Asthma and of Hay Fever. This new cigarette will be found effective in cases where the paroxysms are too severe to yield to ordinary treatment. Ask your chemist for a sample.

Painful PILES

Eased in 5 minutes

FREE Send no money, only a postcard for a liberal FREE supply of 'Nemolin' Pile Ointment—the pile cure that SAVES the KNIFE. Within five minutes of the first application you will have relief from irritation and burning pain. In two or three days congestion and inflammation subside and the piles are much diminished whilst a complete cure is assured to those who persevere with this simple, cleanly treatment. Write that postcard NOW to Nemolin (Dept. R/85), International Chemical Co. Ltd., Braydon Road, London, N.16.

'Nemolin'

Pile Ointment

The Pile Cure that SAVES THE KNIFE

IT'S RISKY
Don't take risks with your throat and nose—take GRIPS First-aid Pastilles and breathe easy. A clear voice means good health; GRIPS will keep your voice clear and strong.
Try them to-day
GRIPS FIRST AID PASTILLES
3d 6d & 1/- Boxes 2/2d per ounce

USE BRITISH COAL—
and use it wisely.
The coupon on page 27 will help you.

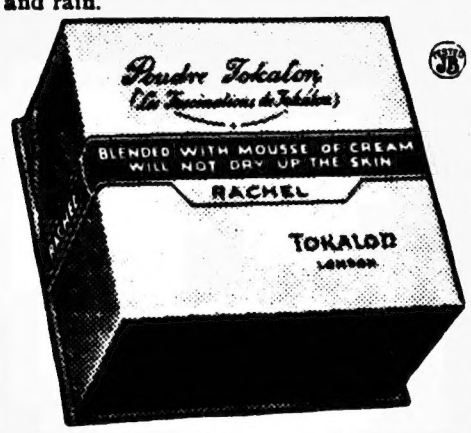
NEW FACE POWDER FASHION

TAKES PARIS BY STORM

The Season's Sensation

Paris

The latest fashion adopted by smart French women is a face powder which gives a perfect 'matt' complexion free from shine all day long, even when out in wind and rain.



This latest development in face powders is due to a new ingredient called 'Mousse of Cream'. Now Tokalon has patented the Mousse of Cream process. Thus Poudre Tokalon now offers you the advantages hitherto enjoyed only by the fortunate few who do not care how much they pay for their powder.

Poudre Tokalon now not only gives an exquisitely beautiful complexion but one that stays fresh and lovely all day long whatever you are doing. Not even perspiration from the most vigorous outdoor sports or a long evening's dancing can spoil the rose petal loveliness it gives. Because Poudre Tokalon is the only powder with the 'Mousse of Cream' secret. Only 6d. and 1/- a box, in spite of the cost of the 'Mousse of Cream' process.

Specially Designed for the Figure needing gentle support and subtle restraint

ON APPROVAL FOR **1/-** DEPOSIT

● You will find this lightly-boned model ideal for average figure needs. It is skilfully conceived by experts who know just the foundation requirements for the sheerest of modern frocks, while combining a fitting that is really snug with comfort that is undeniable. Very pleasing in lovely satin-faced cloth. It laces at back. 8-in. busk. Four adjustable suspenders. Only in Tea-Rose. Full Price, 8/11. On approval for 1/- deposit. Balance 2/- monthly.

FREE-FORM BARGAIN COUPON

A

Please send me, on approval, at the Bargain Price of 8/11, a new Ambron Free Form Model to following measurements:—

Bust..... Hips.....

Sizes range from 30 ins. to 46 ins. Bust.

I enclose 1/- deposit with 6d. postage, and will remit balance of 7/11 either in one sum or by monthly instalments of 2/- each. If not satisfied, and I return the garment at once unworn, you will refund my deposit.

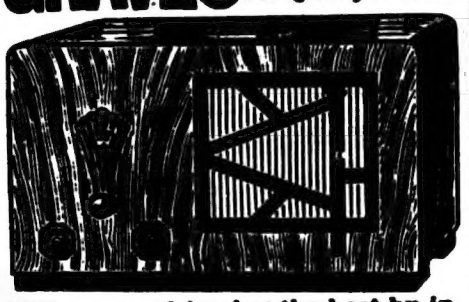
Overseas and Irish Free State full cash only.

Post your Order to—

AMBROSE WILSON, LTD., 400, Ambron House, 60, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London - - S.W.1.

No. 409. "John Bull" 3,2,34.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Make sure of having the best by installing GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-Valve Battery-driven self-contained Set. It is a triumph of Radio skill and enterprise, and gives you countless hours of pleasurable entertainment.

Every component the best of its class. Steel Chassis. British Valves. Illuminated Tuning Dial. Figured Walnut Cabinet 17 x 10 x 9in. IT HAS A SPECIAL COIL CIRCUIT USING IRON-CORED RADIO FREQUENCY COILS, AND PERMANENT MAGNET MOVING COIL LOUD SPEAKER OF ADVANCED DESIGN. H.T. Battery, Accumulator & Aerial Equipment. Nothing else to buy. Carriage Paid £6.16.0 or 8/- monthly. Fullest Approval NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

8/- NOW

Mr. J. S. of Millom, 7.1.34, writes:—"I am well satisfied with the National Wireless Set. It exceeded my expectations in every way. Of course I know the name of J. G. Graves Ltd. is in itself a guarantee, but I never dreamt that the set would be as good as it turned out to be.

Mr. G. O. of Blakemere, 5.1.34, writes:—"I am pleased to say I am perfectly satisfied with the Set. It has a beautiful tone, and I am able to get a variety of stations.

GRAVES-NATIONAL 3-VALVE SET FOR A.C. MAINS fitted with finest components, including Iron-cored Radio Frequency Coils, latest pattern Moving Coil Loud Speaker. Beautifully figured Walnut Cabinet. Complete in all respects, Carriage Paid £9:0:0 or 12/- monthly. NO CHARGE FOR EASY TERMS.

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE of these and other self-contained Radio Sets of latest design for Mains or Batteries including Band Pass Super-Het Sets, etc.

J. G. GRAVES LTD. SHEFFIELD.

Never miss reading

"SMALL ADS. WORTH WATCHING."

See page 16.

SKIN DISEASES

New Blood Treatment.

Skin Soft as Velvet.

"I am pleased to tell you I am completely cured from that terrible disease, varicose eczema and psoriasis, from which I was suffering, and I can only thank Elasto for the wonderful and speedy cure. My legs now show no trace of the old trouble, and my skin is as soft as velvet. I think Elasto is the safest and cleanest and best blood purifier in the world. . . ."

(Signed) Mr. E. J. BEAUCHAMP,
30, British Grove, Chiswick, W.4.

The New Elasto Blood Treatment is bringing quick relief and permanent cure to thousands of sufferers from Eczema, Psoriasis, Dermatitis, Bad Legs, Varicose Veins, and other diseases of the skin and circulatory system.

For the outlay of a few shillings you can now enjoy the tremendous advantages of this Modern Scientific Treatment which has cost thousands of pounds to perfect.

Send for Free Sample!

Elasto blood treatment is fully explained in a special booklet which we will gladly send, privately, post free, together with Free Sample and copies of recent testimonials. Write for these to-day. Now! while you think of it. *This offer is too good to be missed!*

The NEW ERA TREATMENT CO., LTD.
(Dept. 15A), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Elasto Will Save You Pounds!

CATARRH

AMAZING REMEDY

"Nostroline" acts in 30 seconds. Clears head, opens breathing passages. Ends congestion in nose, throat or chest. Get "Nostroline" to-day and banish all terrors of winter. 1/3, at all chemists. Safe for youngest child.

Free Sample from "Nostroline," J. 60, Clifton, Bristol.

HEAD COLDS
INFLUENZA
HEAD NOISES
DEAFNESS

IT MUST BE 'NOSTROLINE'

TRANSFORM YOUR LIFE

WEALTH

UNIQUE 'BULLETS' OPPORTUNITY

Yours only until Sat. Feb. 10

A FEW more days and you will be no longer able to enter for this colossal 2-in-1 First of £3,000 and a fully-paid £1,000 Life Assurance Policy.

This Giant Contest is not one lasting many weeks, with scores of problems to solve and coupons to collect. A single coupon from the opposite page, posted within the next few days, can swiftly bring you the countless blessings of prosperity and peace of mind.

Before the end of February, you can be the owner of a comfortable new home, with a car and all the luxuries you long for. And however you use your £3,000, that £1,000 Life Policy will ensure security for your dependents.

* * *

Last week you learnt from this page how a young accountant reached the top of the *Bullets* prize-list. Now, in the following contest, a Liverpool labourer has secured that honour—and £525 cash.

"Although I've only had an elementary education," says the latest First Prize-winner, Mr. T. F. Garnett, 19, David Street, Liverpool, "I've never doubted my ability to win."

Consider his winning effort: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM—MAY CONFETTI "HIT" HARDEST! A human and refreshing thought that—and tellingly phrased. But it was an effort you might well have thought of yourself.

Since Mr. Garnett's work in the Cleansing Department of the Liverpool Corporation brings only a modest wage, his big cheque will do much for him and his family.

But remember—ten normal First Prizes, rolled into one huge fortune of £3,000, may be your reward in the current contest, as well as a £1,000 Life Policy. Those last coupons on the opposite page await some good *Bullets* from you, but they must be in by Saturday, February 10, if you are to receive the biggest prize yet seen in 1934.

Mr. T. F. Garnett

£876 10s. AND 100 RADIO SETS AWARDED

FIRST PRIZE OF £600 AND RADIO SET, COMPETITION NO. 922,

Mr. E. A. WILLIAMS, Liverpool House, Llanddeusant, Holyhead.

Example:—BETTER MAN
Bullet:—CONGRATULATE—AND SHAKE *Yourself!*
(Entered on "Season Ticket" coupon.)

£50 AND RADIO SET:

Mr. S. J. ALLRED, 276, Newbrook Road, Atherton.
Example: When Mother's Tired
Bullet: It's "Hard Work Telling."

£25 AND RADIO SET:

Mr. E. M. DICKENSON, Oxclose Villa, Mansfield Woodhouse, Mansfield.
Example: Terror Of To-morrow
Bullet: *Peaceful* World "Wipes Out."

10 OF £5 AND RADIO SET:

P. J. COX, Newlands Hotel, Portswood Road, Southampton.
Terror Of To-morrow—Spectre Haunting "Spiritless" To-day.

C. W. GRIFFIN, The Rectory, Castleisland, Co. Kerry.
Standing Still—Time, "With Her."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

W. JAMES, 'Alma," Edward Avenue, Braunstone, Leicester.
Now Dad's A Special—Neighbours Also "Bursting Buttons."

H. J. MORCOMBE, 56, Cuthbert Road, Walthamstow, E.
Well-paid Job — Tradesmen "Educating" Young Bride.

Miss E. SKELLERN, 140, Liverpool Road, Kidsgrove, Stoke-on-Trent.
Fertile Soil — "Bearing," Then Prosperity "Born."

F. D. SMITH, Abbey Hill Cottages, Worthy Road, Winchester.
Bitter Enemy—Drink, When "Eating" Everything.

J. C. STRANGEWAYS, 2, Farndon Avenue, Wallasey, Ches.
Morning, Noon And Night—Poverty's "Monotone"—Wealth's "Kaleidoscope."

J. TAYLOR, 2, Caroline Place, Langholm.
Terror Of To-morrow—Bombs "Raining"—*Creating* "Desert."
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

F. WEBSTER, Dale Croft, Broken Cross, Macclesfield.
Firm As A Rock—But "Charge" "Blasted" Career.

C. O. WHITFIELD, 7, Dunster Gardens, Kilburn, N.W.
When Mother's Tired—"Snatches" Rest—Feels Guilty.

12 OF £2 10s. AND RADIO SET:

B. BULLFINCH, 19, West End Road, Cottingham, E. Yorks.
Bitter Enemy — "Foaming" — Keep Your "Head"!

F. BRUFORD, 150, Clive Street, Cardiff.
Love Is Blind, So—Sandy Says "Why Pictures?"

Mrs. H. CLAYTON, "Clovelly," Heathgates, Shrewsbury.
When Mother's Tired—Before Father's Explanations "Exhausted."

M. W. FFELAN, Mill Cottage, Stonyhurst.
A Miracle Happened And — Sonny Made Schoolmaster "Believe."

C. HENDRICK, 14, Edith Road, Selhurst, S.E.
Love Is Blind, So—Suddenly "Seeing Daylight" Hurts.

Miss Hill, c/o Webb, Church Street, Market Hill, Cambridge.
Getting Serious—Candles Increasing—"Cake" Dwindling.

F. B. HOTCHKIN, 65, Reynolds Street, Crowthorpes.
Shock For Sandy—No Button On Hassock!

J. PRYCE JONES, 3, Rivulet Road, Wrexham.
The Cynic—Disarmament's Providing "Ammunition" For.

C. S. MACKENZIE, 2, Railway Cottages, Invergordon.
Nothing 'More—Than "Something More"—Success.

H. McNAIR, 9, William Street, Edinburgh.
Becoming Hysterical — Mother — "Little Mouse" *Missing.*

Mrs. F. NAYLOR, 50, Helmton Road, Sheffield.
"Come Outside!"—Where Fools Rush In.

W. WAY, 70, Hassett Road, Homerton, E.
Fertile Soil—"Yet "Barren" Pavements Overcrowded.

A list of 25 £1 and Radio Set, 50 10s. and Radio Set, and 500 2s. 6d. prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ALL WINNERS HAVE BEEN NOTIFIED.

BY WINNING THIS MONSTER NEW 2-IN-1 PRIZE!

£3000 and SECURITY FOR YOU AND YOUR DEPENDANTS!

CASH £1000

LIFE ASSURANCE POLICY....

fully paid and issued by a leading Insurance Company. It will provide definite payment of capital sum of £1,000 at winner's death to ensure security of dependants.

OTHER AWARDS £150-£50 10 OF £5. 10 OF £2-10. 25 OF £1, 500 OF 2/6. 2,000 RED SEAL 'TARGETS' 10,000 'TARGET' PRIZES.

1934 FIVE NEW SURPRISE AWARDS

THE WAY TO WIN THIS 2-in-1 FORTUNE

IF you go about the making of your *Bullets* in the right way, you will have enough within an hour to fill the coupons on this page. Remember—though an entry of one single coupon is sufficient to win the huge 2-in-1 First or any other prize, an entry of several coupons can win you several awards.

Go carefully through the *Examples*, examining the possibilities of each and marking those which specially appeal to you. Next, tackling each of your chosen *Examples* in turn, jot down in rough form the ideas it suggests to your mind.

Juggle with the words you have written, twisting them this way and that until your rough idea develops into a well-phrased *Bullet* unlikely to be thought of by other competitors.

Your *Bullets* must each consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment, neatly fitted to an *Example*.

Suppose, for instance, you should choose the *Example*, PROSPEROUS LAND. Your first comment might be, *With Fewer Taxes And More Farming*. This you could readily compress and improve to the finished *Bullet*, PROSPEROUS LAND—ONLY TAXES "GROWING LESS."

You will greatly improve your opportunity of a big success if, before making your own efforts, you study closely the winning *Bullets* in Competition No. 922 which appear on the opposite page.

Noting the simple but well-chosen words of these successful efforts you are ready to tackle the *Examples* and make up efforts as prize-worthy for yourself. Get busy this evening, for unless your *Bullets* are in by Saturday, February 10, you may be presenting to some other competitor the finest *Bullets* prize yet offered this year.

USE THESE "EXAMPLES"

PROSPEROUS LAND
ONE OF THESE DAYS
WHEN PEACE REIGNS
WONDERFUL WORLD
FOR THOSE COMING AFTER
TOWER OF STRENGTH
IF I WERE NEVILLE
CHANGE FOR THE BETTER
THE SLUMP'S OVER, BUT
WHAT THEY SAY
TAXPAYERS' HOPE
TO SOFTEN THE BLOW
THRILLING MOMENT
ON LIFE'S CHESSBOARD.
MAKING PROGRESS
FROM START TO FINISH

BIG BUSINESS
HIS MATE
TO BRITAIN
EXTRAVAGANCE
HAUNTS ME
TAKES LONGER
KEPT UNDER
A CRIME

RACK AND RUIN
"BAH!"
SHABBY TRICK
MADE HER GASP
FOR THE BEST
ROCKY ROAD
AHEAD OF US
STOPPING

WHY WORRY WHEN
COOKED HER GOOSE
WITH A CLEAR CONSCIENCE
GOOD DAY'S WORK
LETTING THINGS SLIDE
THROWING MONEY AWAY
AFTER THE EXPLOSION
TO KILL THE MONSTER
SHOT IN THE DARK
THE MODERN WAY
LIKE A HURRICANE
TO HELP THE CHURCH
LITTLE BY LITTLE
FAMILY QUARREL
MADE THE HOUSE ROCK
MAN'S MISTAKE

8 PAGES OF FREE HELP!

"I owe my prize to the help of *Bullets Bulletin*." These are no empty words that come in letter after letter acknowledging big *Bullets* prizes. You will realise that as soon as you see a copy of JOHN BULL'S free weekly budget of *Bullets* hints and encouragement.

Comments on efforts that missed the mark and ideas to avoid are amongst its absorbing regular features, to which a thrilling new £25 "*Bullets Football*" Contest has now been added.

POST THIS COUPON TO-NIGHT!

I enclose P.O. value sixpence (crossed "& Co.," payable to *John Bull*) to cover postage on 12 consecutive issues of "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*, commencing with the next available issue.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

Post to:—"BULLETIN" DEPT., ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 30, BEDFORD ST., LONDON, W.C.2.
(*Do not send this coupon with "Bullets" entry.*)

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(925) Closing SAT., Feb. 10 — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d. — Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(925) Closing SAT., Feb. 10 — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. — Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(925) Closing SAT., Feb. 10 — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 3 Coupons send P.O. for 1s. 6d. — Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(925) Closing SAT., Feb. 10 — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 4 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. — Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(925) Closing SAT., Feb. 10 — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 5 Coupons send P.O. for 2s. 6d. — Signed ..... Address .....

EXAMPLE
BULLET
EXAMPLE
BULLET

(925) Closing SAT., Feb. 10 — P.O. No. ..... I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 6 Coupons send P.O. for 3s. — Signed ..... Address .....

READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed "& Co." Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. The Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press and their families are not eligible.

The original cheque for £925 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 921 will be displayed in the window of Messrs. Coventry and Jones, 322, Park Road, Dingle, Liverpool.

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £10, £3 and £2 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 925 usually purchase "John Bull."

ENTRY-FEE.—You must enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co." Write your name and address with date of posting on the back of the Postal Order.

If the coupons on this page are insufficient for your requirements, you may submit further "Bullets" on plain paper.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 925, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

A Nurse's GOOD DEEDS WITH "Yeast-Vite"

Only those whose noble work it is to tend the sick and ailing, ease pain and put right disorders of the body can really appreciate the great good which 'Yeast-Vite' is every day accomplishing.

The Nurse—she KNOWS!

The letter we publish to-day affords yet another remarkable instance of the wondrous powers of this great Yeast and Vitamin Tonic. Here you have the grateful praise of one who is constantly performing such good deeds, constantly bringing relief and ease to a large circle of sufferers.

If YOU are ailing in any way here is PROOF of 'Yeast-Vite's' relieving and restoring power, which simply cannot be ignored. Those who take 'Yeast-Vite' find—

Wearied pain-worn faces changed to Happy Smiles of Relief!

Weakened, exhausted bodies recharged with Strength and Health!

Shaky nerve-ridden subjects transformed into Calm, Smiling, Confident beings!

Nights of Horror and Wakefulness melted into hours of delicious slumber!

Days of Depression and Despair altered to days of Unalloyed Delight!

What a wonderful picture it is! What a glorious message of hope for YOU!! Start taking 'Yeast-Vite' *yourself*. Experience how quickly *your* pain and suffering, *your* weakness and weariness will be charmed away.

Dear Sirs, SUFFOLK.

I should like to say that there are many people who have told me that they will never be without 'Yeast-Vite.' I keep your Tablets by me always.

One evening a lady called in and was so dreadfully

LISTLESS and with NO STRENGTH

left in her scarcely. She told me she had a Dreadful

HEADACHE and FELT SO ILL

So I straightaway went and got her 2 'Yeast-Vite' Tablets and a glass of water. She took them gladly, and

IN LESS THAN 10 MINUTES

She Felt A DIFFERENT BEING

She was so full of gratitude and cheer that she left me full of the wonder of your 'Yeast-Vite' Tablets and with determination to get herself a bottle. Although she was 8 miles from the shops, she did not rest until she got one of the villagers to get her a bottle next day, and since then she has told everyone about them. One day when a friend of hers was taken ill she burst into the room with these words: "Cheer up, I have brought you some Life."

Yet again, a man was working with a

TERRIBLE HEAD and BACKACHE

and she sent him and others to me for some tablets, and they in turn got some for themselves. So that I do feel very gratified at the

SPLENDID RESULTS

Yet again, here is another example. I have got a lady here with me for a change, and just lately she was suffering

AGONIES WITH NEURITIS IN BOTH LEGS

and she could not stand or even sit still a moment. I got a bottle of 'Yeast-Vite' at once, and

AFTER ONLY ONE DAY'S TREATMENT THE NEURITIS HAD LEFT HER

and she is as chirpy again as possible. Well, I cannot speak too highly of all 'Yeast-Vite' has done for her. Also I am glad to say that I had a friend here who was a witness to 'Yeast-Vite's' marvellous power.

Do believe I am too grateful for words for the great benefit your 'Yeast-Vite' Tablets have given to my big family of sufferers. Again thanking you,

Yours faithfully, NURSE A. S.

No. 1. Lady Visitor's
LISTLESSNESS, LACK OF STRENGTH, HEADACHES AND FEELING OF ILLNESS
Banished in 10 minutes by Yeast-Vite.

No. 2. Working Man's Terrible
HEADACHE AND BACKACHE
—Splendid Results from Yeast-Vite.

No. 3. Lady's
AGONIES OF NEURITIS
Conquered in 1 day by Yeast-Vite.

YOUR QUICK HEALTH TIME-TABLE

FROM	TO	TIME
NERVE PAINS -	*Glorious Relief*	In 5/15 MINUTES
HEADACHES - -	*Deliverance*	In 5/15 MINUTES
LASSITUDE - -	*Vim and Vigour*	In 10/20 MINUTES
DEPRESSION - -	*Buoyant Energy*	In 10/20 MINUTES
"NERVES" - -	*Steadiness*	In 10/20 MINUTES
INDIGESTION - -	*Keen Appetite*	In 15/30 MINUTES
EXHAUSTION - -	*Animation*	In 15/30 MINUTES
SLEEPLESSNESS -	*Calm Repose*	In 30/60 MINUTES
RHEUMATISM -	*Pain Relief*	In 24 HOURS
CONSTIPATION -	*Regularity*	In 36 HOURS
IMPURE BLOOD -	*Purification*	In 36 HOURS

Yeast-Vite

Brand

Quick Tonic Tablets. *The Lightning Pick-Me-Up*

Sold Everywhere 3d., 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-

NO CURE NO PAY!

Simply obtain a 1/3 Bottle of "YEAST-VITE" Brand Quick Tonic Tablets from any Chemist. Try the treatment at our risk, and if you are not THOROUGHLY CONVINCED of the WONDERFUL POWER, PERFECT SAFETY and TONIC PROPERTIES of "YEAST-VITE" return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite Ltd., Watford, and your money will be refunded in full!

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